

The Author of -  
these Volumes was -  
Captain Edward -  
Thompson

x

11645 df 13.



THE  
C O U R T  
O F  
C U P I D.

*Primus Amor Phœbi Daphne Peneia; quem non  
Fors ignara dedit, sed sæva CUPIDINIS ira.  
Hoc Deus in Nympha Peneide fixit:*

OVID.

Peneian Daphne Phœbus' first chaste love,  
Who did not Fate, but Cupid's anger move;  
*The senior, junior, purblind, winged Imp,*  
His jav'lin deeply fix'd, within the buxom Nymph.

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By the AUTHOR of the MERETRICIAD.

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Containing the Eighth Edition of the MERETRICIAD, with great Additions.

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In TWO VOLUMES.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for C. MORAN, in Tavistock Row,  
Covent Garden.

[Price Five Shillings.]

MDCC LXX.



[ i ]  
T O

That *amiable, virtuous, gallant* Wight,  
F — B — D. Knight.

**W**HEN I consider gallant Sir,  
The prowess, and the mighty stir,  
You make among our little jades,  
Dread Prince of Plackets Knave of  
Spades :

Liege of all Loiterers at Whites,  
Deserter of the Bill of Rights :  
Anointed King of groans and sighs,  
Sovereign of rhimes to Harlot's eyes :  
Lac'd Beadle to the winged God,  
Flog'd nightly with his roguish rod :  
Knight of false smiles, and folded arms,  
With blood, which Venus never warms.  
Say gentle Knight what could compel,  
Your heart to keep a beautiful Belle !  
And with this gentle Belle to ride,  
And only daudle side, by side !  
And ne'er to take insipid genus,  
One little ride on little VENUS !

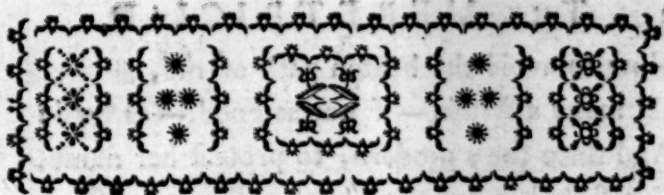
But

## ii DEDICATION.

But let her tumble, tofs, and roll,  
Whole nights, and fret her little soul, }  
Her little heart, and little hole.  
Why this parade my tall Sir B.\*  
Wanting that thing which makes a rake!  
O! leave such things to abler folk,  
Kissing with you is quite a joke.  
Take this advice good Knight from me,  
I'm much your friend if you can see:  
Take you th' expence! and being a  
neighbour,  
To credit you I'll take the labour,  
All will be pleas'd, when this is done,  
You'll have the honour; I, the fun.  
It is not Sir a bad expedient,  
And I remain your most Obedient.

Et cætera.

The



T H E  
M E R E T R I C I A D.

*Meretricem ego item esse reor, Mare ut est; quod  
des, devorat,* PLAUT. TRUC.

Give to a whore the whole within your power,  
And like the ocean she'll that whole devour.



IMMORTAL DENHAM in  
far earlier times,  
Tun'd this soft maxim in melo-  
dious rhymes:

That mild PARNASSUS, nor her  
milder streams,

E'er made some poets, or the poet's themes;  
For many sure there are, who've sung, and sing,  
Yet never sip'd at the CASTALIAN spring;  
Which plainly proves the Muse the poet made,  
And since invok'd to ev'ry Dunce's aid.

VOL. I.

B

Now



## 2 THE MERETRICIAD.

Now to avoid the beaten path of old,  
 I'll make a Muse,—if not as good,—as bold :  
 And since she's modern, to protect her name,  
 I've stole her out the *Drawing Rooms* of Fame.  
 She's no *Castalian* water-drinking Muse,  
 Champagne, and Burgundy, she quaffs profuse :  
 Nor does she naked rake about the groves,  
 With hair dishevell'd to bemoan her Loves,  
 Nor does she like a vulgar *Latin* Muse,  
 Tramp through the woods without her silken  
 shoes ;

Far softer carpets grace her steps, and seat,  
 Softer than *Sylvan* moss to savage feet.  
 And if she chuses to indulge an hour,  
 'Tis not in th' umbrage of the darkling Bow'r,  
 But on a couch of regal feather'd down,  
 Where *foolish thought* ne'er introduc'd a frown.  
 CH—'s the Muse, she dare aspire to rise,  
 And pluck the di'monds from the starry skies.  
 O had the Poet half her amorous fire,  
 He'd raise her triumph, and his note the high'r :  
 But he'll invoke, while invocation's just,  
 To spur his pen, as *Venus* spurs her lust.

Then

THE MERETRICIAD. 3

Then deign dear Matron, (*Widow, Miss, or  
Dame,*

Two, all, or either, or which is thy name,  
For thou'rt in life a mystery, not in trade,  
Yet if approv'd the better,—*honour'd Maid!*)  
To aid an infant poet—lately sprung,  
From royal lewdness,—not *Plebeian* dung,  
To chant the triumphs, and exploits of A—\*  
Who is not quite so fat, yet quite as rash.  
Say, must she sing the most minute affairs,  
Done and transacted in the realm of hairs?  
But hold my Muse,—won't that be rather nice }  
With her, whose only passion's carnal dice, }  
Where little good is link'd to so much vice; }  
It is—so in a whisper wrap it clean,  
More of a whore, or less, she'd better been.

\* Who are the parents of this lady is a doubt with many; yet it is allowed by most that she is nobly descended. She was ever admired by the circle of the *Beau monde* for her beauty, great abilities, and her wit and taste in the politer arts:—however, that passion for intrigue, which is implanted in us by the God of Love—allured her so much astray, as to make lady H—\* say—"the little creature" is grown so infamous, that I cannot countenance her "any longer."—She quitted baron H— to marry captain F—\* of the navy, a man as boisterous in his manners as she was delicate.

4 THE MERETRICIAD.

How durst you soar so high, kind honour'd  
Maid,  
Without invoking *Wilmot's* lathy shade,  
Whose gen'rous soul pursu'd this theme in death,  
And rail'd at lewdness with his parting breath ;  
At last declar'd his ev'ry art in vain,  
To scour this lewd *Augean* stable clean :  
Presumptuous Muse, t'attempt so hard a theme,  
To make a limpid of a mudded stream ;  
When ev'ry wench, who bears but common  
charms,  
Condemns the traitor, while the treason warms.  
But since my CH\* won't her aid refuse,  
Who knows what fortune with so lewd a Muse ?  
Suppose we but the nobler vermin rout,  
One poison's best to drive another out !

O lovely H\*, whose lovelier name,  
Stood first, and foremost, in the rolls of fame ;  
Such fame, as *Venus* bore with *Pagan* Gods,  
When public stews she made of their abodes ;  
Fair *Cytherea's* Queen despis'd her Lord,  
In that, Earth's Goddess too has kept her word ;  
Although the Blacksmith-God detected *Mars*,  
In the soft conflict of their am'rous wars,

And

THE MERETRICIAD. 5

And brought the whole Pantheon to behold,  
How his wife gave him horns, and rais'd her  
gold;

He, gentle Blacksmith, blest the wanton dame,  
And (like the moderns) pocketted his shame :  
But since old age has wrinkled her *decoy*,  
She vows a virtuous life's the only joy ;  
Teaches chaste maxims to her lovelier Girls,  
To bird-lime Monarchs, and to marry Earls.  
Not that she don't desire with equal gust,  
But who'd embody such a piece of lust?  
Not G—'s self with all his breadth and length,  
With all his prowess, and his martial strength.

Thy sister, Goddess, who has long been  
known,

For carnal acts in the politer town,  
Now gravely fits, as gravely takes the air,  
And vows her spouse, her only love and care ;  
What moving miracles, these times afford,  
Lo Lady V— sleeps constant with her Lord !  
Happy it is, when Females turn in time,  
And, like this beauty, ever keep their Prime.  
Rouge we put on, to vamp a batter'd face,  
As crooked Fops set off their corps with lace :

## 6 THE MERETRICIAD.

What don't our Ladies owe to *Pompadore*,  
 She gives the ugly charms, the beauty more,  
 Blanches the rural, rosy *British* cheek,  
 And if too pale, crimsons the dimple fleck?  
 With witty *Su—er* \*, have you lately been,  
 Was it at tea, before she'd time to clean?  
 Did you not stare to see her pebb'd face,  
 Observe it now! with ev'ry blooming grace.  
 Ladies wear vizards now throughout the Town,  
 You rarely meet a female with her own;  
 Down from the Dutchess to the Wench in  
     place,  
 All have their morning, and their evening face.  
 What things has *France* exported to this isle,  
 To spoil our beauties, and corrupt our stile;  
 Return 'em genuine, and take back *Belleisle*!

Thee, *Lucy* thee, whose meagre smutty charms,  
 Diverted first the Soldier under arms,  
 Or if he wanted when his guard was out,  
 A little nonsense on the silent flute,

\* This Lady was by this satire, and a celebrated preacher, converted to the ways of Magdalenes, and married by him; to shew the efficacy of his new Doctrine.

Then



THE MERETRICIAD. 7

Then you supinely laid your matches by,  
 And to the music join'd the melting sigh ;  
 Say, was it there *Orlando*\* heard thy hymns,  
 There did he grow enamour'd of thy limbs ?  
 O happy Knight, whose judgment could draw  
 out,  
 Such shining beauties, from a lousy clout ;  
 Yet matchless *Lucy* do not think I blame,  
 Thy great ambition of a Lady's name,  
 Nor do I care, how, when, or where the Knight  
 Disturb'd thy oceans in the shades of night :  
 Let the world talk, for scandal's never dumb,  
 What beats a lady's finger and a thumb.  
 How shall my Muse, my *Lucy* now approach,  
 Exalted from a basket to a Coach ?  
 Nothing emboldens but her not being prude,  
 And kind indeed, if only kind as lewd ;  
 Then say, soft *Lucy*, when you rode in state,  
 Why would you drive at Phaëtonick rate ?  
 Suppose your keeper was a bit decay'd ?  
 He was no less a man than you a maid ;

\* Sir Orlando B——.

8 THE MERETRICIAD.

Why fly your Sire, with those new whiten'd  
charms,

To loll and wallow in a turnkey's arms?

And when you'd quite exhausted *Newgate's* lust,

You seiz'd poor *Palmer* \* with as great a gust:

Inhuman thirst, thou very vital drain,

Lewder than all the whores in *Charles's* reign.

But that, and more, thee *Lucy*, she'd excus'd,

Had you *Ben Johnson's* tippling head refus'd;

Where *Usher*, you and *Bewly* oft got drunk,

And then pull'd caps with some less dirty Punk,

When *Bridgman* made his last dear will and  
groan,

A good annuity was then thy own;

With this proviso—that you'd rake no more,

Nor play the vagrant, mercenary whore.

Alas! thy many actions since hath shown,

Thou could'st not quit the bottle and the town.

Oft has the Muse beheld thy tott'ring feet,

And pray'd that instant for the widest street;

But then 'twas night, and little to be seen,

So no great matter whether foul or clean.

\* The late Comedian.

At

THE MERETRICIAD. 9

At fam'd *Bob Derry's* where the Harlots throng,  
 My Muse has listen'd to thy luscious song ;  
 And heard thee swear like worser *Drury's* Punk,  
 The man should have thee, who could make  
     thee drunk ;  
 Cit, Soldier, Sailor, or some bearded *Jew*,  
 In triumph reeling, bore thee to some stew.  
 At other times more riotous than lewd,  
 Then nought but swords, blood, tears, and  
     oaths ensu'd :  
 So dire a conflict surely ne'er was known,  
 A worse sedition *Hellen* has not sown.

Men in all ranks, all characters of life,  
 Promiscuous mingle in the doubtful strife,  
 Broomsticks, swords, poakers, stools, chairs,  
     fists, and tongs  
 Together class, for *Lucy's* drunken wrongs,  
 Bowls, glasses, bottles whiz about the ears,  
 And wound regardless, Citizens and Peers :  
 The females blubber, kneel, shriek, pray and  
     swear,  
 Tearing caps, laces, sattins, silks and hair :  
 Now, now the city, now the army beat,  
 Till the loud clamours reach the public street,  
                                     Chairmen,

10 THE MERETRICIAD.

Chairmen, Links, Coachmen, Waiters, Night-  
men, Pimps,

Crowd to see *fair play*—to the Culls and Nympts :  
The noise at last, the drowly watchmen catch,  
And twirl their rattles, for their brother watch ;  
Away they hobble, with their lights and clubs,  
A little conscious they'll receive the drubs :  
Join the confusion, hoping to subdue  
This bloody, ever fighting Motley crew ;  
But all in vain—they only serve to raise  
The fire, as fuel to create more blaze.

Heard you that rush of woe,—those horrid  
cracks,

Ten lanthorns broke, ten watchmen on their  
backs !

A greater ruin *Derry's* never saw ;  
Two *Jews* were kill'd, a Bobwig and a Beau :  
At last the Constables with numbers beat,  
And crown the Warriors with a Round-house  
treat,

By them in triumph *Lucy's* bore away,  
A captive *Queen*, to wait the blushing day ;  
She in her arms embrac'd a drunken Beau,  
And with him snor'd upon a truss of straw,

Rose

THE MERETRICIAD. II

Rose the next morning with her batter'd *corps*,  
And march'd in matchless bronze to *Fielding's*  
door ;

O let the rigid sentence be forgot,  
For *Bridewell* never was my *Lucy's* lot.

Debates being done, with *Bewly* she return'd,  
And with dear *Usher*, for fresh riots burn'd ;  
The *Shakespear's Head*, the *Rose*, and *Bedford*  
*Arms*,

Each alike profit from my *Cooper's* charms.  
But oh ! alas ! how fully can we weep,  
Fat *Weatherby* sunk in eternal sleep :  
She rests, large *Queen*, from kitchen's greasy  
storms,

And's wheel'd in solemn dirge for hungry worms.  
Weep, weep, my *Lucy*, *Weatherby's* no more,  
A loss like this you never knew before ;  
*Usher*, *Orlando*, *Weatherby* are gone ;  
In dismal sackcloth all the worthies moan !

The greatest deeds a nine days wonder are,  
But *Lucy* laugh'd between each falling tear ;  
Sought a new seat for *Bacchanalian* chat,  
And fix'd her standard at the *Golden Cat* ;

Where



12 THE MERETRICIAD.

Where she enjoys whatever's great or low,  
 The brawny Chairman, or the lathy Beau.  
 This I'll assert—for it's her real due;  
 Witty with candour, in her friendships true;  
 Moves with good-nature, dignity and ease,  
 Form'd to torment the soul, and yet to please:  
 Erase thy vices with the sliding day,  
 The Muse invites thee to attempt to pray:  
 Nor let thy wit immerge thy reason too,  
 Tho' thine is pleasing, as it's ever new.

FISHER thou'rt young,——but in the rolls of  
 fame,  
 Who can, or dare eclipse a *Kitty's* name.  
 Let antique poets sing romantic loves,  
 Of Ladies visited by Bulls, or Doves,  
 Or to their arms secrete—the dearest Man,  
 A vig'rous Stallion, or a diving Swan:  
 These trivial stratagems perplex no more,  
 'Tis deem'd an honour to be call'd a *Whore*.

The fairest, sweetest Debauchee below,  
 A timber'd Son of *Liffey*, and a Beau,  
 My Muse maintains it, and she'll prove it too,  
 KITTY, ne'er harm'd so many maids as you.

Each

THE MERETRICIAD. 13

Each flirting slut, on whom's bestow'd ~~some~~  
charms,

When e'er she sees thee, thrills with lewd alarms,  
Swings to the glass, finds beauties she ne'er had,  
And, fill'd with vanity, runs chariot mad.

" View *Kitty Fisher*, who the other day

" In grogram drudg'd—now ravishingly gay,

" Nay wore check'd aprons—that, I've oft  
been told,

" Now she wears none—but drags a train of  
gold;

" Nor is she handsome, that, we all allow;

" But peacock's feathers beautify the daw.

" Then why mayn't I as well as *Fisher* pass?

" The men all tell me, I'm a pouting lass."

Thus has thy grandeur, and ill-gotten fame,  
Debauch'd the Virgin—and the darling name.

*Kitty*, my Muse will not pretend to say,

Who first deflower'd or brought thee into play:

So many make pretensions to the fact;

Since you've forgot they cannot be exact.

Some say an Ensign, some an am'rous *Knight*,

A Suburb 'prentice,—some a Serjeant *Kite*;

Many

14 THE MERETRICIAD.

Many have paid for't, who could well afford,  
A gay Sea Captain, and an old Sea Lord; \*  
Who of all these can we the Hero dub?  
It may be one, or all of *Arthur's* Club,

Ye Gods! when future ages read this o'er,  
Will they believe, to keep a painted Whore,  
A thousand Nobles of the *British* Line,  
Of different ages, could promiscuous join?  
Peruse the Antients, nothing could employ  
So many tails, unless the siege of *Troy*,  
An Eastern † Fair, to consecrate her dust,  
At *Memphis* rais'd a Pyramid of lust:  
And lovely *Lais* ‡ of *Trinacria's* § Isle,  
Who all the youth of *Corinth* did defile,  
Whose greedy, thirsty, mercenary soul,  
The greatest presents only cou'd controul.  
Our Lords, like sage *Demosthenes*, ne'er said:  
But buy repentance, at the harlot's bed.  
Nor *Philip's* mad, enthusiastic son,  
When thro' the East, his arms victorious run.

\* Anson. † *Cheop's* daughter.

‡ A Courtesan of *Corinth*, who asked so great a price for a night's lodging, that made *Demosthenes* say, "He would not buy repentance so dear."

§ *Sicily*.

In

THE MERETRICIAD. 15

In his debauches ne'er exceeded this,  
 Tho' grand *Persep'lis* flam'd, to please his Miss \*.  
 One man may err, like *Alexander* drunk :  
 But who would *club*, † to feed a craving punk !

But tell me, *Kitty*, where was all thy art,  
 Amongst these numbers not to steal one heart;  
 When sep'rate you enjoy'd the *wining* man,  
 What could resist a well-laid bedded plan ?  
 Then where were all thy mercenary schemes,  
 To lose the settlement, the best of themes !  
 It was thy dullness, and thy snowy touch,  
 Or man had never thought he lov'd too much.  
 Who besides thee, pray would not sweat and  
 toy,  
 T'imbibe at once some profit and some joy,  
 Nay bear one *Heir* to all—a lovely boy ?  
 A nurse who's skill'd in all the Gossip's clack,  
 To ev'ry Cully can a likeness tack,  
 Will swear he is a Bishop's, or a Lord's,  
 And with a striking feature, prove her words.

\* *Thais*.

† Such was the extravagance of this Nymph, that a subscription club was formed at White's to support her—and the Dupes possessed the Girl alternately.

O *Kitty*

## 16 THE MERETRICIAD.

O *Kitty* think, had you but mov'd in tune,  
 What mighty things your son, and you had done ;  
 E'en *Cleopatra*, with her orient grace,  
 Was but a *Gypsy* to thy lov'lier face ;  
 You might have shone, he out-whipp'd *Phaeton*,  
 And drove the Chariots of the *Stars* and Sun.  
 Oh ! shame and scandal to thy charms and birth,  
 To hobble in a *vis a vis* on Earth.  
 The only thing amongst that mighty club,  
 Entitles thee a monumental dub,  
 Was, when a noble Lord had cause to rue,  
 The paying twice for what he cou'd not do ;  
 The deed by Matrons will recorded stand,  
 A Lord in bed with *Venus*,—and unman'd !  
 This was a merry, and a witty deed,  
 Surpassing all the beauties of thy steed ;  
 Say, did that mincing, spotted Palfrey run,  
 To lay thee down in earnest, or in fun ?  
 Unpolish'd Horse to be so nobly rid,  
 And flirt, and gambol, like a wanton kid.  
 Suppose thy Rider really made thee proud,  
 Why little Pye-ball'd,——why so very rude ?  
*Saint George* himself, ne'er rode a softer pace,  
 Nor like thee, *Kitty*, mov'd with such a grace.

My



# THE MERETRICIAD. 17

My Muse she weeps, O had it been a mare !  
 My own dear *Pegasus* had got an heir.  
 But this is worse—O this—e'en makes her bleed :  
 Lo ! *Hermitage* upon the pye-ball'd Steed.  
 Some doubts she has, and may they prove no  
 worse !

Take care you fall no lower than your horse !  
 Remember this, and from a Muse who's just,  
 Thy man's \* a bankrupt, both in purse, and lust ;  
 And tho' the Sun shines, yet may fortune frown,  
 And quite reduce, both him, and Mrs. *Brown* †.  
 Mankind's deceitful, you have had your swing,  
 Remember *Lockheart* wore a brilliant ring.  
*Kitty* repent, a settlement procure,  
 Retire, and keep the Bailiffs from the door.  
 Too well thou'rt known, too long you've play'd  
 the whore,  
 Put up with wrinkles, and pray paint no more :

\* The late Mr. Chetwynd, who died of a decline at Montpelier. After his death she married Mr. N. but falling into a consumption, expired in his arms at the three tons in the city of Bath ; by whom she was loved and lamented, and in the latter part of her life proved a religious penitent.

† Her name as House-keeper.

18 THE MERETRICIAD.

No more thou'rt thought a subject for the town,  
Reject Miss *Kitty*, for plain Mrs. *Brown*.

*Equestrian Hermitage*, an answer deign,  
Why for a *Moor*, quit genteel *De—l—n*?  
The fault (like all thy sex) is not in you,  
You did your best, he wanted something new :  
Women by use, increase their love and joy,  
But men more variable, disgust and cloy :  
Thus like a crab-louse clings the haggard scold,  
The more you scratch, its keeps the firmer hold.  
Is it thy amorous disposition say ?  
That lulls thee with the black *Arabian Bey*,  
Their nature's hotter, and their colour's rare,  
And that's sufficient to allure a Fair.  
But tell me *Hermitage*, amongst the sons  
Of Butchers, Draymen, Brewers, Chairmen,  
Duns,  
Could you not find a sturdy youth to please,  
And give thy meretricious passions ease ?  
Is such thy conscience, appetite, and want,  
That *Tripoli* can give what *Britain* can't ?  
Pursue the scheme, enjoy the swarthy race,  
Till they perceive the vizard on thy face.

But

But here observe the *Juliet* of her days,  
 Fall'n from the pinnacle of public praise,  
 Oft' with encomiums has the playhouse rung,  
 Enraptur'd with the music of thy tongue,  
 Oft' has the Virgin sympathiz'd thy doom,  
 And wept for *Juliet* in the silent tomb :  
 Nor griev'd we less when Bellamy withdrew,  
 Yet we forgave thee for the golden view.  
 How did the Town applaud thy happy choice,  
 Altho' in thee she lost the sweetest voice ?  
 But if the ties of mother will not bind,  
 How weak are women, ignorant, and blind !  
 Not all the rhet'ric of a Courtier's tongue,  
 Or that of mother from thy tender young,  
 Were found sufficient to subdue thy lust,  
 Tho' quite corroded, by corrosive rust,  
 When Metham had thee, such a deed as this  
 Was merely modish, and became a Miss ;  
 But yet his tendernefs, could not subdue,  
 That thirst of dear variety in you :  
 All he could say that itch could not destroy,  
 To bind the Mother to the loveliest Boy.  
 CALCRAFT you left in search of new delight,  
 And roll'd in wanton joy with gay Dick W.

But since Old Time has worn the dimple sleek,  
 And furrow'd wrinkles o'er the blushing cheek,  
 Who would imagine you would play the whore,  
 And fly in raptures to the *Irish* shore?

But women crave while man's a drop to give,  
 Nor cease to lust, until they cease to live.  
 If e'er these lines should reach thy flinty heart,  
 Fly to thy babes—and act the mother's part;  
 But if they'll not induce thee to return,  
 Disgrace, and shame, must seal a *Juliet's* urn.

With regal grace H—t fills the fretting Stage,  
 And would do honour to the Train, and page;  
 But see she quits the operative plan,  
 To sleep in peace, with an *Endearing* \* man.  
 The awful Theatre of late's become,  
 A mere receptacle for ev'ry Strum:  
 You might as well have spar'd your spouting  
     pains,  
 And clung with honour, to your honest grains;

\* After this most accomplished woman had quitted  
 Mr. Thrale, she went into keeping to Sir E. D—g—  
 where she did not continue long, before she returned to  
 Drury Lane Theatre.

If

If *H\*t*, a Sister Muse, must do thee right,  
 Thou'rt Envy's self — with all thy Sex's spite;  
 Of all thy stamp, the most carniv'rous Trull,  
*Adam's* whole race, thou'd grapple as one Cull.  
 Swear not the Muse's is a partial pen,  
 Because thou'rt avaritious *H\*t* of men;  
 She'll give thee all the merits that are fair,  
 Nay, kindly wish thee to a greater share:  
 You have been tender o'er a Sister's health,  
 And sav'd the *Fair-one* by your care and  
 Wealth;  
 For Charity in Harlot, King, or Cowl,  
 The world must own denotes a noble Soul.

Behold, what's here! a lovely Form of joy,  
 A fairer *Hellen*, for a greater *Troy*;  
 How could pollution such a Genius wed,  
 A genius worthy of the chastest bed.  
 How came she lost in ignorance and rust,  
 A common prostitute to common lust?  
*Mur—y* if e'er thy deeds, or Summer plays,  
 Deserv'd encomiums, or the publick's praise,  
 'Tis now, for introducing to the light,  
 The peerless *Elliot*, for the Town's delight.



22 THE MERETRICIAD.

Let Poet's wrangle, and be-rhyme thy Muse,  
 Contemn the papers, and the two Reviews :  
 Let them for barren *Pindus'* Hill contend,  
 Decline the low pretension *Naiad* friend ;  
 Let witlings snarl, let *George's* Coffee-house  
     sneer,  
 Let Midwife Bogmaids, drop the muddy tear,  
 Let all the Scrubs of bare *Parnassus* bawl,  
 Let *Lloyd*\* prepare the coffin and the pall ;  
 Exert thy talents to their highest pitch,  
 Then with thy *Naiads* flounder in *Fleet-Ditch*.

Thou'lt nurst and rais'd a Genius for the  
     stage,  
 At once to lash, and please a frantic age :

\* Mr. Robert Lloyd, who died with grief in the Fleet-prison, upon the death of his much loved friend Mr. Churchill—was the greatest classical scholar of his time, and author of many prosaic and poetical pieces of much merit : and a severe satirist against Mr. Murphy.—What *Ascanius* says to *Euryalus* in *Virgil*—may with truth be applied to them.

One fame, one faith, one fate, shall both attend,  
 My Life's companion, and my bosom friend.

*Prit-*

THE MERETRICIAD. 23

*Pritchard, Yates, Cibber*, now are all undone,  
*Clive, Hart*, and *Pope*, must either hide or run :  
 These are thy triumphs, thy exploits O *Poll*,  
 What pretty things you've done, with toll—  
 de—roll.

Let *Garrick* sheath his *Shakespear's* tragick  
 knife,

Bind up the antient plays, and *Jealous Wife*,  
 Play on my Sons the *Citizen*, and *Maid*,  
 But dread the *Rosciad*, and implore his aid ;  
 Let Managers anonimously sue,  
 And beg my Lord to grant the *Wishes* too,  
 The King protects you, let the play perplex,  
 And with pay'd *Bentley* halloo,—*Vivat Rex*.  
 Yet still my Summer Sons the vict'ry's great,  
 See *Rich* and *Garrick*, bow beneath your feet !  
 And may my *Hooper* \* still appear as new,  
 To all the Town, as she appear'd to you.

\* She went by this name before that of *Elliot*. She was a handsome woman, descended of humble parents—but amassed near 8,000 l from the bounties of her two last keepers, *Augustus H.* and his *H. the D. of C.* in whose services she was not quite so steady as prudence could wish—she died soon after her discharge from the last personage.

What's tripping here more lively than the rest,  
 If mirth is bliss, then she's supremely blest :  
 'Tis *Nancy Dawson*, at a nearer ken,  
 Fam'd to delight the Fair, and please the men ;  
 Thy motions *Nancy* are beyond dispute,  
 Nor does the fame they've got thee S—h—r  
 doubt.

Only for house-rent has that Jockey rode ?  
 Or does he ride, as in *Love à la mode* ?  
 If so, Iv'e done ; it proves you really kind :  
 I think he rides too heavy, tho' behind :  
 Tho' you cant bear the whip, you like the spur,  
 You're game egad—too much for such a cur.  
 Well, dance on *Nancy* \*, keep the beaten rout,  
 And burn your Rider, as you was burnt out ;  
 Kennedy leave not in the flames to fry,  
*Poll* by the whip and spur will run and die ;  
 Steel to the bottom, only rather hot ;  
 But time and rust the fairest things will rot ;  
 In trot and gallop, you so please these days ;  
 Sure you must amble sweetly in a chaise ;

\* These Ladies houses were burnt in Manchester buildings.

But

THE MERETRICIAD. 25

But since it's fashion, and if we agree,  
 I'd rather drive you *Nancy Vis à vis*.  
 Forgive a chatt'ring, simple, wanton Muse,  
 She cannot mean you for the Livery's use:  
 How quick the changes of the Harlot's bed,  
*Shuter* has *Kennedy*, and *Dawson's* dead.  
 Incline thine ear, and Madam *Marriot* weep,  
 Who ruin'd all, by an extatick leap.  
 What can have harm'd our gay *Italian* Belles,  
 To make sweet *Petit* dance at *Sadler's Wells*!

Have courage Muse, for *Courage* you address,  
 Aspire like her, but ne'er diminish less,  
 Say, Female Banker, will you condescend  
 To spare a trifle, to a Muse, your friend?  
 'Tis true she's old, but common never known,  
 And yet no stranger to a sensual town;  
 She slept with men of ev'ry rank and age,  
 Down from his Highness to his humble Page;  
 But want will visit oft' the Noble's door,  
 And when the outside's rich, the inside's poor;  
 Grant a few scores at what *per Cent* you will,  
 Nor doubt my honour, on a trivial bill.  
 Thus in your nets, as preying Spiders lie,  
 You seize the harlot, as they seize the fly;  
 Grant

26 THE MERETRICIAD.

Grant a few pounds, at double premium full,  
Then 'rrest the hussy with some dying Cull.  
The worst I wish, is, really to thyself,  
Only to starve on such ill-gotten pelf.  
What could a Knight see in thy ugly face,  
To be hum-bug'd of fifty pounds of lace?  
But that's not rare, for thousand have before,  
Paid for a maiden-head, and bought a whore.

Of all the daughters *Venus* ever had,  
So fair as *Fordyce* none, or half so mad;  
The greatest pleasure that she ever chose,  
Was, to set friends together by the nose;  
Not stand for trifles to create a pother,  
To leave one Brother, and enjoy another:  
Or riot at the *Rose*, or *Bedford Arms*,  
And fire the Bob-wigs, to dispute her charms;  
Her passion riot, she had none for drink,  
Her taste and will, deliver'd in a wink;  
Few men she chose, but fewer still admir'd,  
*Chinese* and carnal arts, but little fir'd:  
Yet where she lov'd, no barriers could prevent,  
To give a mutual joy, was all she meant;  
Two things she bore, amongst her sex but rare,  
Contempt of money, and a foe to care,

Friend



THE MERETRICIAD. 27

Friend to a Mercer, and a scarlet coat,  
 Ever receiving, but without a groat,  
 Ne'er build, ye fair, upon her hated plan,  
 To fly from room to room, from man to man;  
 Pause here my Muse, nor scrawl an harsher  
 word,

She did live chaste, with the chastest Lord.  
 Him, she resign'd to finish nature's work,  
 And chose a prison with her dearest Burk.

If female softness, and endearing grace,  
 May, in the Muse's records, claim a place,  
*Dunn* must not pass unsung,—there are I know  
 Some snarling few, the Muse's wrath below,  
 Some wretches dead to nature and to sense,  
 Who love to find out faults in excellence.  
 Faults she hath some, and all with justice rue,  
 That one so fair should ever prove untrue:  
 But still it's prudent to resign her BAGS,  
 What beauty now can live on love and rags!  
 'Tis strange the Ladies, to set off their youth  
 Will ever deviate from the paths of truth:  
 Mistaken notion to pretend to raise  
 A reputation, on so weak a base;

Some-

28 THE MERETRICIAD.

Somewhat too vain, in fabled notes she sings,  
 An antient lineage drawn from Gods and  
 Kings ;  
 But leave such arts to those, whose form re-  
 quires  
 Helps weak as these, to fan love's dying fires.  
 Blest in thyself despise the thoughts of race,  
 We ask no parents for so fair a face:  
 The rigid judge must bring thy faults to view ;  
 But candour triumphs, finding them so few ;  
 Scarce would she wish those blemishes forgot,  
 Was ever *Venus* yet without a spot ?  
 That thou art Woman, we have known before,  
 I never thought thee less, nor wish'd thee more.

Behold a face, as fair as great in fame,  
 A very *Venus*, with an *Hervey's* name ;  
 High in the known venereal list she stands,  
 Fam'd for the loveliest legs, the fairest hands :  
 She bears one fault, as such, we must impeach,  
 It with *Adonis*—she would eat her peach ;  
 She is the *Cytherea* of the land,  
 And built her Temple, but it would not stand.

Indust'rious

THE MERETRICIAD. 29

Indust'rious Fair, she spar'd no corp'ral pains,  
Nor *Stretfield* neither, to encrease their gains ;  
What could declare so soon, the Bankrupt Pair,  
But want of cattle, fasting, fresh, and fair ?  
Causes sufficient, to bring in the Burns,  
So stop'd, — as City Kings, for greater sums.  
If a stagnation proves in all the trades  
Of corn, oil, tea, tobacco, harlots, maids,  
Business in course immediately must drop,  
And, like Miss *Hervey*, each must shut up shot.  
The coronation causes want of fish,  
And flesh, nay ev'ry other common dish ;  
The torn down hussies some sev'n years ago,  
Trim up once more, to flash, and make a show ;  
They will not vend as erst they did their ware,  
But all keep brac'd, for coronation fair ;  
Wait for the Company's return to town,  
And even twist their noses at a crown :  
The only place to find what's nice and rare,  
Is in the Abbey, or the scaffold fair :  
Prebends, Deans, Deacons, now torment no  
more  
Their dog'd-ear'd Bibles, to the blue-coat poor ;  
Their holy charge, with rev'rence is resign'd,  
To things more modern, worldly, and refin'd ;

Sermons,

### 30 THE MERETRICIAD.

Sermons, Psalms, Lessons, never waſt a care;  
No prieſt's ſo happy, as when free from pray'r;  
As for the reliques of the brave, and juſt,  
Peace they muſt keep, they've had their *dut* to  
*dut*.

If ought would wiſh to ſhed the pious tear,  
'Tis marble buſts, for want of mornin pray'r;  
(In which the genius of *Roubiliac*'s ſeen,  
Surpaſſing all that are, or e'er have been.)  
But theſe will never toll the morning bell,  
A long vacation, makes the caſſock ſwell.  
Why grieve the loſs of trade *Herveyan* fair?  
When the ſame cauſe effects our daily pray'r.  
Reſide in peace till pageant times are o'er,  
You'll never be a bit th' inferior whore.

But how has wedlock murder'd that ſweet  
form,  
Too weak to bear the buffets of a ſtorm:  
You ſhou'd have ſcorn'd e'en Jove as ſwan, or  
bull,  
To croſs the ſeas, much more a modern cull:  
The very ſhip was watch'd by ſchools of fiſh,  
To have the taſte of ſuch a high made diſh:  
Thrice happy fiſh that could at laſt devour,  
That body, which I've fed upon before!

It

# THE MERETRICIAD: 31

It is a bliss upon this whisking land,  
To have, what pagan gods must take at second  
hand.

What's here ! a doubtful, visionary fair,  
That, like a juggler's ball, is here, and there ;  
Stole from the confines of the old *Welsh* Queen,  
But for the universe, would not be seen ;  
Why gentle *Charlotte* did you not repair,  
At the appointed time to drown my care ?  
I wrote, I sent five porters up and down,  
Tore down the bells, and tore this *Bagnio*  
gown,

But heard no tidings of my joy and wish,  
Abus'd the waiters,—raving oh ! my *Fish* !  
“ My Maid was out, I rav'd and tore my hair,  
“ Your billet kifs'd, return'd it back with care ;  
“ But why not break the wafer, gentle *Belle* ?  
“ My tears declare—I cannot read or spell.”  
The honest speech, so pleas'd the rapturous  
youth,

He clasp'd dear *Charlotte*, as a country truth.  
Will you forgive me, this unhallowed wit,  
For *Welch* declares that *Fish* can read a-bit !

The



# 32 THE MERETRICIAD.

The Muse is pleas'd to find you thus improve,  
There must be genius—where there's so much,  
love :

Perfection, it is none, to write, or read,  
The greater Duncce, the greater *mark of breed* :  
Therefore sweet *Charlotte* must by face, and  
head,  
Rank high in dignity, being highly bred.

See CHARLOTTE HAYS, as modest as a saint,  
And fair as ten years past, with little paint;  
Blest in a taste which few below enjoy,  
Preferr'd a prison to a world of joy :  
With borrow'd charms, she culls th' unwary  
spark,  
And by th' Insolvent Act parades the Park.

So great a saint is *heavenly* Charlotte grown,  
She's th' first lady abbess of the town ;  
In a snug entry leading out Pell-Mell,  
Which by the urine a bad nose may smell ;  
Between th' *Hotel*, and Tory *Almack's* house,  
The nunn'ry stands for each religious use :

There,

THE MERETRICIAD. 33

There, there repair, you'll find some wicked  
whight,  
Upon his knees both morning, noon, and night.

Close at her heels, trips fairer *Nancy Vane*,  
Entomb'd sev'n years, and lo! she rose again!  
Refraught with goods, displays a *Deardian* shop,  
And hums by turns, the *Vet'ran*, and the Fop.  
Thus art and stratagem encreaseth trade,  
And *Welch*, on lechers, palms her for a maid.

There without art, dame nature will appear  
In matchless *Massej*, little worse for wear:  
Bend here, ye harlots, with unfeigned grace!  
And own cosmetics, never touch'd that face,  
She never vended goods *unduty* paid,  
Nor gave one daub, to mend a batter'd trade;  
Just as she bedded, rose the peerless lass,  
She never *turn'd* to use the pocket glass;  
A venal trick, trump'd up by batter'd jades,  
And practis'd now by all the twirl-mop maids:  
Unmatch'd shall peerless *Massej* grace my lay,  
Nor want a guinea, while a Bard can pay.

### 34 THE MERETRICIAD.

O giddy Muse—indelible reproach,  
 To pass Miss *Davis*, tho' she lost her coach :  
 Say pretty *Polly*, will you deign a nod ?  
 She humbly kisses thy posterior rod ;  
 But if you'll not, the tickler you must use,  
 And as you flog the *Vet'rans*, flog the Muse.  
 Hold ! hold ! thy hand, my fair incensed Fair,  
 Commit not sacrilege thro' dire despair ?  
 Observe the form, that thou'rt intent to harm,  
 A sister beauty, blest with ev'ry charm !  
 O pretty *Poll* ! will nought thy ire restrain ;  
 Must a poor Muse for *Kitty* plead in vain ?  
 Won't all the powers of *Ranelagh* withstand,  
 The little ruin of thy little hand ?  
 O shame, Miss *Polly*, to thy worshipp'd face,  
 Not to regard the grandeur of the place !  
 But rush to battle without fear or care,  
 Nor spare my Lord—nor spare his Lady's hair ;  
 O what a body ! with a soul so big !  
 To beat the powder from a Noble's wig :  
 To beat Miss *Fisher* in that giddy place,  
 Became Miss *Davis*' fury, form, and face.  
 The world must stare, two Heroines to see,  
 Fighting for peeping *Tom of Coventry*.

Thee,

THE MERETRICIAD. 35

Thee, of all harlots, joy portray'd to please,  
To cool the mind, and give the body ease :  
Granted an art, peculiar to thy bed,  
To lay the living, and to raise the dead ;  
Since flesh is frail, and subject to mishaps,  
*Luck*, from the blackest rhyme, protect *Miss*  
*Caps*.

But lo ! what's here, that interrupts the song ;  
Something rough painted, ugly, bold, and long,  
The *Proteus*, *S—p—ns*, fam'd for legs and  
shape,  
Sly as a fox, and antick as an ape :  
She has this prudence, to retain her cull,  
And like the *Cretan* \* dame, conceals her Bull.

Muse drop the curtain, nor behold this act,  
Two sisters glorying in a carnal fact :  
Shrink at these times, like darker days of yore,  
Two sisters playing with one man the whore.  
Repent O *Gar—ks*, quit the *Bolton* Queen,  
Nor e'er together in the *Row* be seen.  
Next lend your ears,—and list the grave intreat,  
O spare a Sister, spare St. *James's-Street* :

D 2

Learn

\* *Pasipha*.

36 THE MERETRICIAD.

Learn her to hate a sensual wicked town,  
And chuse a place more virtuous than the  
Crown! \*

View a continuance of th' incestuous scene,  
O would some guardian virtue intervene!  
And lead the *Igmires* with a conscious shame,  
To weep their greatest loss, their virgin fame.  
O royal *Hampton*, thy belov'd retreat,  
Is fam'd for all that's elegant, and sweet;  
Thy *Sylvan shades* the chastest beauties throng,  
The noblest subject of the poet's song:  
Say, what could cause a Noble to destroy,  
Two lovely Virgins, chastity and joy?  
What cou'd provoke the dire incestuous *gust*,  
To murder *Virtue*, for the sake of lust!  
And then ignobly to deny support,  
Stood cast, and censur'd, in a public court;  
Like a Lord Mayor who for some marriage feat,  
Did, at St. *Martin's*, penance in a sheet.  
But th' eldest *I—g—m—e* like a knowing wife,  
Obtain'd a weighty settlement for life.

\* The sign where she's 'prentice.

Learn



THE MERETRICIAD. 37

Learn then of her, ye fair, who's fair and kind,  
To grant no favours, 'till the parchment's  
sign'd !

What's pregnant here, so very big and rare,  
The strong resemblance of a country fair ?  
Blest she's in that, and blest with vig'rous youth,  
But *Clemens* never deviates into truth.  
Above the rest, her genius I prefer,  
For who can propagate a lie like her.  
She's sick, she faints, she's dead, well, rich,  
and poor,

All at a breath,—but mostly in an hour.  
See at her feet an humble suppliant kneel,  
To plead his passion without sense to feel ;  
In scraps of plays, and many a tortur'd line,  
Hums, hah's, and foams, to tell her she's divine ;  
Starts, pauses, groans, then raves, with clinch-  
ed fist,

A King, then swain, now Ghost, *list, list, oh list !*  
Gives father, mother, friend, and her this line,  
“ *Let Cæsar have the world, if Sally's mine.*”

The youth she kiss'd, and with a *Syren's* grace,  
Declar'd the child was his,—and nam'd the  
place :

38 THE MERETRICIAD.

Another comes, another, and two more,  
The whole she hums, and would as many score :  
Lords, Knights and Captains, Commoners and  
Scribes,

Each draws the purse—as he the stuff imbibes :  
Each claims his right, she proves the child his  
own;

Yet all the while 'twas got by Mr. Town ;  
The whole is settl'd, but the infant's name,  
Who kindly died the very day it came.  
Of all the Nymphs that *Venus* ever bred,  
Of all the living, and of all the dead,  
None ever had the cunning, and the art,  
To thumb the guineas, and to steal the heart :  
She twigs the *Vet'ran*, wins the youth's regards,  
And plays in turns on him the harlot's cards ;  
The rosy Hebe, has with thousands lain,  
And humm'd them all from *Faulkenor* down to F\*.  
This is her maxim,—and as good, as true,  
Some men for profit, some for pleasure too.

DAVIS, a second *Circe* in her wiles,  
Who, *Syren*-like, enchants ye, and beguiles ;  
You may as well drink of that witch's bowl,  
As let this *Gipsy* captivate your soul :

Sings,

THE MERETRICIAD. 39

Sings, swears, She riots o'er the sparkling wine,  
 Until she makes ye, like *Ulyssus*'—*swine*.  
 The *Rose* and *Shakespeare* owe a deal to thee ;  
 Begot by lewdness upon *infamy* ;  
 Which tender name thy genius has retain'd,  
 And by the title thou hast thousands gain'd.  
 In younger days, when Prostitution found,  
 And took thee, grov'ling from thy mother  
 ground,  
 When thy ambition had no higher rolls,  
 Than following *Carmen*, to pick up their coals ;  
 Or raise a laugh, to show thy greater art,  
 Steal a few handfuls from the loaded cart ;  
 Perhaps, to raise a mob, a sister fight,  
 Or with a Chairman snore away a Night :  
 These were thy triumphs, thy exploits before,  
 The blackest Princess of a common shore ;  
 Where oft' you've grop'd for iron, not in vain,  
 And sifted cinders high, in *Gray's-Inn Lane*.  
 Who wou'd imagine from so mean a thing,  
 So fair a face, so sweet a Strum cou'd spring :  
 Shocking it was such eyes as thine should be  
 Hidden in filth, and viler infamy.

40 THE MERETRICIAD.

*Betsy*, delight and ravish with thy tongue,  
Nor mind the Cinder-heap from whence you  
sprung :

Remember this, repent in time and pray,  
For mushrooms rise and perish in a day !  
Preserve thy beauties, and thy warbling breath,  
And eke retain thy MANNERS to thy death !

Thy deeds, O *French* ! deserve an abler pen,  
To paint thy devastations brought on men ;  
Tho' thou art living, yet they're obsolete,  
If ought perpetuates, it's some endless gleet :  
You had your hot, nay and your *Cold-Well* too,  
And he that dabbl'd, did his dabble rue ;  
I know you shone, I know you knew to please,  
And pickle some too with the *French* disease.

Look down my Muse, for thou in all must  
rule,

And ev'ry praise in store confer on *Pool* ;  
A *Venus* drawn with all *Apollo's* skill,  
To wound in colours, and in life to kill :  
As good as fair, in all surpassing kind,  
The gentlest manners, with the truest mind.

\* Stand

THE MERETRICIAD. 41

Stand Hero's stand! she moves; again O  
move!

Gay Queen of Beauty, Rapture, Pleasure, Love;  
Scarce is it possible, so fair a face,  
(Adorn'd with manners dignity and grace,  
Replete with all the eloquence of Love,  
In fire a sparrow, tenderness a Dove;)  
Could sue in vain, or could a mortal be  
So very frozen, not to kneel to thee.  
Could thy lewd clime *Hibernia* raise a boy,  
To scorn the Queen of Beauty, Love, and Joy;  
A clime so fam'd in the venereal wars,  
What Venus is there bears not Irish scars?  
Thrice happy Sons, to be endow'd with parts,  
To pain, to please, and win the dearest hearts—  
Thou ne'er produc'd but one that could resist,  
The charms of *Hebe* when a Cambridge kist.  
Soon may'st thou find a thaw in heavenly charms,  
And melt a soft chaste snow ball in her arms.

How various are our tastes of Woman-kind,  
To all we're partial, and in some we're blind:  
One loves the brown, others the black, or fair,  
Some die for eyes, others for teeth or hair:

Some



42 THE MERETRICIAD.

Some men you'll find disgusted at a squint,  
To have one, others will bestow the Mint :  
Some can despise the charms of lovely you,  
Yet fall a Martyr to a fatten shoe.

A scarlet cloak, white leg, and linnen gown,  
Will win a smile—when card'nals raise a frown :  
A clean check'd apron often does more harm,  
Than all that Milliners can make to charm :  
I've known a man in love with no one thing  
About a Beauty, but her apron string :

The close French night caps, or your English  
      mobs,

Off' rifle hearts—yet oftner rifle fobs :

Great things are done by pattens and a mop,  
Or a Miss painted in a Mill'ners shop :

*Dappers* love women that are wonderous tall,  
*Maypoles* love you because you're wonderous  
      small.:

'Tis true you're small, a very Fairy Queen,  
A nosegay gather'd on *St. James's Green* :

Pluck'd on the sweetest Banks, the sweetest  
      flower,

The pride, the bloom, the Beauty of an hour.

So

THE MERETRICIAD. 43

So *Murray* rose, but Lord how long ago?  
When *Bath* was young, and *Nash* an infant  
Beau :

Soar'd from her basket, to a Chariot Fame,  
And lives this moment with the best good name.  
And may you *Allen* still pursue the roads,  
That lead from Bailiffs, Bagnios, Pimps and  
Bawds :

Beauty fair *Allen* like the flowers you bore,  
Are the sad emblems of a *Garden Whore*.

I've done my utmost to restrain my pen,  
But still your deeds drag Satire from his den.  
Was not the caution in another name,  
To save yourself, your child, your dearer Fame,  
Sufficient Madam, but you'll still persist,  
And tho' maintain'd by one, by hundreds Kist.  
A giddy Mother to forget her case,  
Tho' begg'ry lately star'd you in the face;  
And then so meanly prostitute, to down  
To ev'ry Suburb 'prentice about Town.  
Once more I give the caution to reform,  
Accept the hint, nor brave the threat'ning storm,  
I'll tell a name, a tale, a Cull will cure,  
Unless you drive those puppies from your door :  
Satire's

44 THE MERETRICIAD.

Satire's a spider, full of venom too,  
And keeps a *Web* to 'tangle such as you.  
'Tis pity makes me here omit your name,  
Nor die, condemn'd to everlasting shame.

*Venus* and *Hebe* both were truly fair,  
But which the fairest, Ch\* can't declare :  
Skill'd in the tender arts of love divine,  
As you're below in those of lust, and wine :  
Two sweeter souls, in fatten never walk'd,  
Two more harmonious tongues, have never  
talk'd :

Sisters ye are in beauty, wit and Grace,  
But grieve that iniquity holds a place :  
I wish ye every joy from mighty fums,  
And hope you'll think before the winter comes ;  
China's an emblem of a lovely frame,  
How fragil's China ? Beauty's quite the same ;  
*Rogers* reflect—your Beauty's but a flower,  
Rais'd, budded, blown, and wither'd in an  
hour.

You may reject th' advice, but time will show  
it :

You had no friend so honest, as your Poet.

What

What various lies we tell to please the Fair,  
 To make the *Fairies* vainer than they are :  
 Flattery, has ever prey'd on female youth,  
 A girl of breeding hates the name of truth :  
 In our first days when *Eve* was in her bloom,  
 And goodly *Adam* was her rigid doom :  
 That first best Man requir'd no gloss of art,  
 To win the fairest Woman to his heart ;  
 And tho' the first, sweet perfect female made,  
 Had the best upright man to be her aid :  
 Yet she, in spite of all that Heaven cou'd do,  
 Grew sick of *Bliss*, and sigh'd for something  
 new :

Gadd'd abroad, met Flatt'ry in her way,  
 And made a *reck'ning* we shall never pay :  
 Thus with the Women rests the maxim still,  
 " Have it we must ; the risk be what it will." *Pope*  
 I admire, where once the Wit let fall,  
*That women have no characters at all :*  
 Most truly true, and every day approv'd,  
 Amongst the Fools a-loving, and belov'd ;  
 Ask but the sex themselves, the maxim's true,  
 Did ever *Polly* praise her Sister *Sue* ?

This

46 THE MERETRICIAD.

This they allow—which proves th' assertion  
good,

“ That Mrs. *King*'s no better than she shou'd,”

First Mrs. *Manly* rails at Mrs. *Drew*,

So scandal gallops up from *Hull* to *Kew* :

'Twas madam *Eve* that put it first about,

And live it must while Scandal forms a *rout* :

'Tis all in vain, talk, write, do what you will,

Woman's a sad, bad contradiction still.

Was I to court a pretty blooming Queen,

I'd feed her squirrel first, or praise her screen :

If she admires a dog, you're doubly snug,

To her be civil, but adore *dear Pug* :

Sometimes in love indifference may take,

Not from a Clown, but often from a Rake :

'Twas my misfortune, and the case was thus,

I lost an heiress by *lampooning Puffs* :

She was *antique*, a morsel for old Nick,

But then the *Darbies* stung me to the quick :

I ap'd the Captain, strutted up and down,

As bold as any Gambler about town :

But what was worse, and only t'other day,

I lost a beauty by offending *Tray* :

I swore,



THE MERETRICIAD: 47

I swore, and lied as much as Soldier cou'd,  
And prov'd her plainly more than flesh and  
blood ;

But all in vain, the ever injur'd Tray,  
Bark'd at my visits till I went away.

*Betty* if this should ever reach thine ear,  
Ask for my pardon, *Betty* do by Dear ?

I swear in print, if e'er I come to tea,  
I'll double thee, the elemental fee :

Try, and erase, the little injury done  
That curfed, dirty little Bitches Son :

Is there no kind reversion in the eye,  
To make me live, or must I bravely die !

Will you believe me when I swear, and say,  
I did not know him, when I kick'd *poor* Tray :

Have pity Wilmot do not look askew,

On one who'll ever love, your dog and you :

Be cautious *Lovers* how your heels you trust,

You very rarely find a lap-dog just,

Witness my fate, once thought prodigious snug,

The loveliest Woman, with the prettiest Pug.

Things are so chang'd, e'en C—h—y wou'd  
not squall,

To see St. *Paul's* deck'd for a city hall :

This

48 THE MERETRICIAD.

This mighty town is so devour'd with lust,  
 There's barely lodging for the chaste, and just :  
 Who in the name of wonder would conceit,  
 A stew, a *Fruiterers* in *St. James's street* :  
 'Tis very true, and you may daily deal  
 For Fruit, or Ladies, with good Mrs. N——  
 The sweetest Belle, here meets her stinking  
 spark,

After a morning's stroll about the Park :  
 Buys a few pippins, then retires to please  
 Himself, in all the elegance of ease :  
 Pippins have ever fatal prov'd before,  
 From *Eve* in *Eden* down to *Pompadore* :  
 But don't mistake all *Fruiterers* from this,  
 Are modish Channels now to modern bliss :  
 That is not always Friend, a general case ;  
 Mark at the Milliners a painted Face :  
 That's a true mark of infamy, and sin,  
 The shop shut up, Sir, " you may venture in."  
 Think you it's possible the ribband trade,  
 Without some different stitchings to its aid,  
 Could keep so many pretty gilded Queens ?  
 No, no, they have far better ways and means.  
 There is a rank superior in the air,  
 Call'd Chamber Milliners where *Qual* repair ;  
 These

THE MERETRICIAD. 49

These keep their *Blacks*, here Chariots too are  
driv'n,

And *Bank-bills* fly like eagles towards heaven.

'Twas here they search'd, when *Kitty Hunter*  
fled,

And found a Nymph and Baronet in bed :

The Knight he swore, Miss blush'd, the scan-  
dal flew,

And dearer *V\*\** is no longer new.

To tell the whole, old *Homer* would employ,  
And beat the Fools he march'd to conquer *Troy*.

So have I seen a brilliant Star retire,  
And leave the nighted lover in the mire :  
Such was thy influence o'er this mighty Town,  
Then *Ros* withdrew e'en PLEASURE learnt to  
frown.

O happy man, I do not know his name,  
Tho' blest'd so long with thy seraphic frame ;  
We'll call it generous, when he resign'd,  
So sweet a creature to divert mankind :  
Return'd what mighty *London* griev'd in you ;  
Surpass'd by none, and parallel'd by few.  
Tho' earthly born, the rival of the skies,  
In form a Goddess, with an Angel's eyes :

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E

Rise,

50 THE MERETRICIAD.

Rise, Beauty rise, where Angels only soar,  
 'Tis yours to rule, and mortals to adore.  
 May you when weary here, coelestial shine,  
 And soar from more than mortal to divine:  
 Assume your seat amongst your native Stars,  
 And conquer *Venus*, by subduing *Mars*:  
 Prove the whole mixture of the *Muses* drops,  
 And dull the Graces with the charms of *Rosfs*.

We've sung the living.—Now let's drop a  
 tear

Upon the first, and fairest, Harlot's bier:  
 Who living mov'd superlatively fair,  
 In Wit *Minerva*, with *Idalia's* \* air.  
 So young a Muse, can never dare to raise  
 Her little note, on such a form of praise;  
 Yet still a wretch in these Saturnian times,  
 Could tease her *Ghost* † in the most wretched  
 rhymes:

The worst, sad outcast of the fools of verse,  
 Not fit to drive a *Garretier's* hearse;

\* One of the names of *Venus*.

† A pautry Performance, intituled, *Washington's Ghost*.

# THE MERETRICIAD. 51

Base grease of rhyme, with less than mongrel's  
tongue,

A mere vile mushroom of a Scribbler's dung :  
If ought would move her injur'd Ghost to rise,  
Thy jargon would, to tare thy Muse's eyes :  
Read this, and fly, sad base-born abject slave,  
And pilgrim like, do penance at her grave :  
Inscribe these lines to Fame, and Beauty writ,  
(And transcribe on till I allow thee wit.)  
Here lies the pride of Beauty, sense, and shame ;  
Who dare to WOFFINGTON refuse this fame !

How in the first edition cou'd we pass  
Amongst the fam'd, the fam'd itinerant las ?  
Who by her motions in the wriggling trade,  
Two sterling thousands, fairly, cleanly made ;  
What must be done, when grown so very rich !  
*Travel* in whoredom's a peculiar itch ;  
Yet that was hers, and mighty odd—*forsooth* !  
She skim'd from *Dover*, to the milder South :  
Swung from *Versailles*, up to the *Paisbàs* :  
Then down in raptures to the banks of *Po* :  
Thro' gay *Ausonia* wore the regal smile,  
And ap'd a Princess of *Britannia's* Isle ;



52 THE MERETRICIAD.

Maintain'd the circle of affected grace,  
 A very *Steuart* in the very face.  
 When cash grew low, with dignity she swung,  
 From the soft warb'lings of the *Eunuch's* tongue,  
 Plan'd out a rout according to her purse,  
 And reach'd sad *Calais* just two thousands worse ;  
 Roll'd o'er the turgid billows of the sea,  
 And read new fortune in the dregs of tea ;  
 Review'd the cliffs from whence enrich'd she  
     sail'd,  
 But 'spite of ev'ry effort—tears prevail'd ;  
 To town return'd, resum'd the Harlot's chair,  
 No bird's back-side so poor, or half so bare.  
 Thus *Steuart* liv'd, but now grown rather stale,  
 We kindly pay her—just to hear her tale.

Did e'er a quality possess the man,  
 That sought a fame upon the baseless plan  
 Of Woman's ruin.—Does not the Soul recoil ?  
 To see Man study to seduce, and spoil :  
 Man, he is none—a monster's far too great  
 For him, who means to hurt the Virgin's state.  
 What cou'd produce, or rear that manly shape ;  
 And grant one passion—to commit a rape :

Bestow'd

Bestow'd a form, without one good beside !  
 A compound, made of ignorance, and pride,  
 Swell'd with all evils that *Pandora* nam'd,  
 And ev'ry other vice the world since fram'd ;  
 Can earth produce a character like this ?  
 Yes ! and he wounds when e'er he stoops to  
 kifs :

Behold those Forms, on whom he whilom smil'd,  
 Thrice wise, and lovely—now alas ! defil'd ;  
 Yet still the Fair, are so intent to please,  
 They'll love the Serpent if he bends his knees ;  
 Nay curse his heart, and dread a Sister's fall,  
 And prove the pleasure, tho' they dread the gall.  
 Could such a form so lovely—so divine,  
 So sweet, so wise, so innocent—as thine ?  
 Be so regardless of a C\**t's* fame,  
 To blast thyself, thy family, thy name :  
 Soft, gentle Fair, whom Heav'n design'd to  
 please,  
 Not fall a prey to scandal and disease ;  
 How could the purest mind be so betray'd !  
 To yield a wretch the honours of a Maid.  
 Too well you knew the character he bore,  
 Too well you knew a Female's fate before,

54 THE MERETRICIAD.

And yet so ravish'd with a manly form,  
 To board the bark—and brave the coming storm,  
 O *C\*t*; *C\*t*, had I known thee then,  
 Thy wrongs had never mov'd the Muse's pen;  
 The noble honour'd Sisterhood had strove,  
 To hide the wretch from memory, and love:  
 Think, when he'd gather'd all the bloom of  
*May*,

He rose, and smelt, and cast the sweets away,  
 Inform'd the parent of a Daughter's fate,  
 Smil'd on her folly—and unhappy state.  
 Would ye, ye Fair, be cautious whom ye prove,  
 Ye rarely meet a true return in Love:  
 The Man of Courage, and the Man of Sense,  
 Never betray the lovely innocence;  
 By Heav'n they're sent to save and guard the  
 Fair,

And make your Virtue their peculiar care;  
 The fool alone disturbs your blest repose,  
 The Men of Sense were never *Virtue's* foes.

I love a widow that repairs to town  
 To jig, and flirt, her bumpkin up and town;  
 Brings up a babe to prove her virtuous life;  
 And would persuade you that she was a wife:

A worn-

THE MERETRICIAD. 55

A worn-out cant trump'd up so long before,  
It only proves her a far greater whore.  
We've eyes, and see—nay ears, and hear thee  
too,  
And tongues, sweet Madam—which, must cen-  
sure you.

If on a Chariot—e'er a boy you find,  
Or when *Mam* walks, he, twenty steps behind ;  
Or in the Park, or some less public walk,  
A child in hand, the maid a scarlet cloak,  
You in your mental memorandum place,  
Both babe and Lady of the spurious race.

*Murray* and *Corbet* thus came up to town,  
*Club* for a Carriage, tho' they need a gown :  
Try all they can, to pass for something great,  
The very method that betrays their state.  
So men in liquor (like a tawdry punk)  
Aim to speak plain, by which they prove they're  
drunk.

With these, how fam'd that northern part's  
become  
Of *Tyburn* road—for Foreigner and Strum.

## 56 THE MERETRICIAD.

Here all Embassadors, prodigious snug,  
 Preserve their fair ones from the City Bug :  
 Many around the *Abbey* choose to fleet,  
 But Doctors vow no air's like *Marg'ret-Street*,  
 Here from the morning to the midnight hour,  
*Rap, rap, rap, rap*, my Lord is at the door.  
 Whengone—anon—you hear the *Templer's* strut,  
 He, like my Lord too—loves a game at put.  
 A Captain next pops in too, wond'rous fly,  
 He thinks unseen, because he winks an eye ;  
 Presents the King most sweetly fet in gold,  
 Then marches off to quarters, stout and bold,  
 An essenced Beau, the last attacks the Dame,  
 And sighs all night, the pureness of his flame :  
 Five times the golden picture smartly gives,  
 She vows, he is the sweetest man that lives ;  
 Early away the dear Sir *Umbra* trips,  
 Vowing no coral can excel such lips.  
 Next day at noon, *my Lord* makes his approach :  
 But at the corner leaves the motto'd Coach ;  
 He hopes she's well, and free from ev'ry care,  
 She vows, she's ever sad but when he's there.  
 Thus Ladies pick our pockets, and our brains,  
 And we, still blinded—rest their dying Swains :

It's



THE MÉRÉTRICIAD. 57

It's quite the same with horses, Lord, or you,  
The whole they drive alike—*Je up--je hu.*

Now stare the world—now, prodigies begin!  
Behold, a learned Banker's Clerk ta'en in.

By what, by whom; how, say? now, when  
or where,

At th' *Coronation*, or the *Smithfield* Fair:

Neither, yet both, and that may too surprize,  
A ging'bread bargain—and a market Prize.

But how was this dear harmless youth to blame!

She bore a *Burford's* dignity and name:

Prov'd five and twenty thousand pounds debt  
clear,

And good eight thousands sterling too *per year*.

Egad dull reader, you'll excuse this whim,

It might have humm'd wise you, as well as him.

Suppose it had?—well then suppose it had?

In course the world must surely call thee mad.

Think with what dignity and Love she mov'd,

Who durst refuse, when by an Angel lov'd:

She spoke the living languages as pat,

As old tea gossips gabble out their chat:

All

58 THE MERETRICIAD.

All things she knew—whilst I was green and  
young,

I'm not the first undone by woman's tongue :

Think what a genius, if but chaste as smart,

The clearest head, with sure the vilest heart :

Her wit and genius she would hardly use,

Unless to bilk her lodgings, or the stew's ;

Her only aim was pageantry and stuff,

The dear duration, trivial as her snuff :

The boy *Adonis* had he seen the Jay,

Had hated *Venus* to this very day :

In shape so lovely there ne'er was another,

*Cupid* might even hugg'd her for his Mother.

These names she bore, as need and profit drew,

*Merchant*, *Barnes*, *Errington*, and *Morgan* too :

In each she mov'd with well affected ease,

And tho' fictitious, never fail'd to please.

Her false connubial cant would stagger truth ;

Her maiden stratagems betray'd my youth ;

A Widow, Miss, or Wife perhaps to day,

In *France* her husband, or alas ! at sea ;

When she address'd, a pleasing Maid she mov'd,

I gaz'd, I wonder'd, and alas ! I lov'd.

She show'd the virtues of the sweetest mind,

By genius nourish'd, and by time refin'd ;

I only

THE MERETRICIAD. 59

I only weep, a wit like her's should raise,  
 So vile a fabrick on so firm a base.  
 Forgive me reader, for I cannot rail,  
 Tho' e'en her deeds have merited a jail.  
 Yet let us hope she may repent the crime,  
 And find forgiveness in a transport clime.

O what a name! rever'd in days of yore,  
 As Maid, Queen, Princess, Dutchess, Count-  
 tefs—Whore,

When e'er the round O dignifies a name,  
 So surely blown from out the *Trump of Fame*:  
 These names in verse run smooth as apple-  
 barrows,

O' *Connillo's*, O' *Brien's*, and O' *Harra's*,  
 'Kelly's, O' *Lochlin's*, and O' *Courcy's* too,  
 Have been great men and waded *Liffey* thro';  
 From them fair *Nelly* you derive your name,  
 And genuine beauties must establish fame:  
 Such soft endearing symmetry of parts,  
 Must soften Hermits down to Lover's hearts:  
 Why should *Hibernia* let her daughters roam,  
 Why not confin'd to conquer hearts at home?  
*Dublin* should stop these beauties with her tolls,  
 And not export them to torment our souls;

Will

60 THE MERETRICIAD.

Will not, *O'Brien Dublin* then suffice?  
But *Britain* too must suffer from your Eyes:  
Have mercy beauty—and pray learn to feel,  
And clasp the Suppliant when he aims to kneel.

Now turn my Muse, behold, this pomp of  
woe!

The dull procession, and the dirge how slow.  
Whores, Bawds, and Pimps, make up the  
grateful train,

To mourn the bodies which old Nick has ta'en.  
An hundred watchmen, with their lights and  
polls

Proceed, but now omit their midnight calls;  
Ten ragged green girls, for the garden's praise,  
With tops of leeks, and nettles strew the ways;  
Then big in flesh see mother EASTSMITH stride,  
With GOULD and GAUDBY, waddling by her  
side;

To bear their trains, behind three pages creep,  
HILL, YEW, and DODDINGTON, almost a-  
sleep:

Then two, by two, a dozen *Bagnio* pimps,  
Behind them move, as many torn down nymps:

Next

THE MERETRICIAD. 61

Next from each playhouse, with the salt-box  
come

A Snuffer, Sweeper, Trumpeter, and Drum ;  
Then *solus*, hops a dull *Orchestran* flute,  
Behind him waddles a theatric Mute :  
Now, of each House, five under-strappers came,  
Behind, as many *Guinea* Tits of fame,  
Dress'd in a flimsy, unbecoming woe,  
Pumping for tears, but not a tear will flow :  
The chief of these, for tongue and scandal  
known,

Miss INNIS she, no glibber upon town ;  
Behind her four of less ignoble fames,  
RHYMER, MOOR, MITCHELL, DROHEDA  
their names,

*Jenkins*, and pretty BIDDY WINGFIELD bore  
The tatter'd ensigns of the tatter'd *Corps* :  
Behind them BRABSANT, BENSON, COOK, and  
BLAND,

Then CAREY, SOLUS, with a nightman's wand ;  
Next mov'd six Bailiffs, hung with horrid writs,  
Which almost frighted GARDNER into fits,  
Who behind them, assum'd her awful stand,  
With a *memento mori* in her hand :

In



62 THE MERETRICIAD.

In solemn cloaks, just hir'd for the time,  
 Ten *Bagnio* Chairmen, hobble on in rhyme,  
 Follow'd by STEWARD, HAMBLETON, and  
 TRAIL,

Who, for the night, had just obtain'd a bail;  
 With Whips revers'd, twelve Hackney coach-  
 men mov'd,

Then SAGROE fair, and BUCKLEY the belov'd,  
 SPENCER, GORE, MONDAY, KINGSBOROUGH  
 and GOLD,

March'd on as solemn as St. Paul's is toll'd;  
 Above the rest, majestic ELLIOT's seen,  
 Deck'd in a modern mantle of pea-green;  
 Her right-hand fill'd with things unfit to tell,  
 The left, the bloody knife that slew Miss Bell;  
 STAMFORD and LOUDON walk'd in flaming red,  
 And GIFFORD with a jordan on her head,  
 In which the incense for the sacred rite,  
 Was neatly cover'd from the vulgar's sight.  
*Solus*, advanc'd a garden claret blade,  
 Crown'd with a paper Cap, of bills unpaid,  
 Silent and sad as any Rogue cou'd be,  
 That *halter'd* rode, to dreaded Tyburn tree;  
 Behind, in snowy fatten, HOLMES advanc'd,  
 In spite of ev'ry pious effort danc'd:

High

High on a wand the will of DOUGLAS hung,  
 And *Bet* the praises of the Donor sung;  
 Round her five infants, fam'd for shrillest sounds,  
 Alternate echo'd,—*Holmes five hundred pounds.*  
 High above all, was fam'd SALL PARKER seen,  
 Dress'd in a sooty, dismal bumbasin;  
 Drawn by three horses in a muddy wain,  
 Hired at the *George* in antient *Drury-Lane*;  
 Her hands alternate o'er each mourner's head,  
 Ordure, with opium mixt, profusely spread;  
 Three *Negro* boys, of curst *Antigua's* clime,  
 Deputed *Cupid's*, for the dismal time;  
 Wain rumbl'd, wheels groan'd, with the  
     weighty charge,  
 As muddy *Thames* does with my Lord Mayor's  
     barge:  
 Two *Gambian* Virgins fan'd the painted *Doll*,  
 And two more bore an *Indian* par-asol:  
 Next, to make up the Motley, howling pack,  
 A Steed bore BENCE and HARDEN back to  
     back;  
 Walkers, full eighty, from the *Strand* appear,  
 As many Garden shoe-blacks, grace the rear;

A thou-

64 THE MERETRICIAD:

A thousand links on either side for grief  
Weep as they burn,—and BUCKHURST lo!  
their chief.

Thus, from the realms of honour'd *Drury-Lane*  
Came this procession to the *Garden Fane* ;  
Of which fam'd *Derry* was appointed priest ;  
And tho' in function greatest, yet was least !  
When all were gather'd in the hallow'd rails,  
*Bob*, from a topsy-turvy basket hails !

“ We're here assembl'd on the noblest themes,

“ To mourn great DOUGLAS, WHEATHERBY,

“ and WHEMES ;

“ To lay the ghost of DEVENPOT that stalks,

“ And frights the watchmen in their midnight

“ walks ;

“ To bind Miss CASSEL's ever restless soul,

“ Which shocks the Hum—hums with her

“ cloister'd howl ;

“ And to exhort each godly pious whore,

“ To live, and die, as they have done before :”

This said, he took the pot from GIFFORD's  
head,

And o'er a crazy stall the incense spread ;

Which BUCKHURST fir'd by order with his link,

And thro' the mob, the wind diffus'd the stink ;

When

THE MERETRICIAD. 65

When lo ! again the priest, dread silence broke,  
And thus renew'd his grating, dismal croak :

“ Earth lightly lay ;—thou world revere their  
names,

“ And justice do their morals, and their fames.”

Whores, Bawds, and Bunters, Panders, Boys,  
and Men,

In cadence hoarse, re-bellow out—*Amen*.

When in confusion the procession broke,  
And ev'ry mourner march'd, eclips'd in smok ;  
All different ways, on different errands run,  
Men to undo ! and girls to be undone.

Q UITE weary'd of my part I quit the stage,  
And curse the Cringers of a lying age :  
How can an honest Muse expect to live,  
When Rogues, Thieves, Pimps, and Sons of  
Sodom thrive :

Whoredom's to these, an honourable trade,  
You ne'er meet *Honour*,——but you may a  
*Maid* :

I never held my tongue, or told a lye,  
Int'rest I've none,—and Int'rest I defy ;

66 THE MERETRICIAD.

Unhappy now is honest *England's* lot,  
For all but *Scotchmen* are by G—d, forgot:  
O'er the rough seas I'll traverse with my rhyme,  
And search for virtue in a *Savage* clime.

YE whores repent, put on your deepest  
weeds,  
See half the world maintains young Gany-  
medes!

Go to the *Magdalene*, there pious bawl,  
And CHARLEY DINGLEY will accept ye all:  
The sons of Sodom now escape a jail,  
Easy as *Peter* did, when Angels gave him bail.

Adieu, ye fair,—adieu voluptuous time;  
All Fools adieu—adieu ye Fools of rhyme.

THE

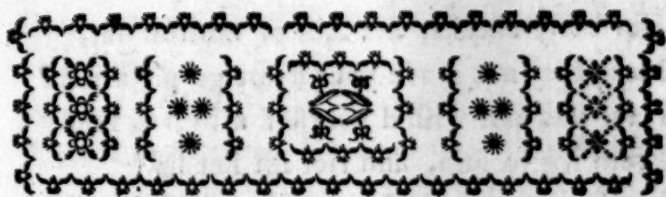




THE  
COURTESAN.







T H E  
C O U R T E S A N.

*Hoc quoque composui, PELIGNIS natus aquosis,  
Ille ego nequitiae NASO Poëta meæ.*

*Hoc quoque jussit Amor—procul hinc—procul est severa :  
Non estis teneris apta theatra modis.*

*Me legat in sponsi facie non frigida virgo :  
Et rudis ignoto tactus amore puer.*

VIRG:

*I am the Man, the NASO of my time,  
Born on the HUMBER,—fam'd for luscious rime :  
I writ the first,—Love bids me write again.  
Away—ye cold, ye rigid, ye profane :  
Begone—lest I offend with genial joys :  
Come melting Maids and read,—Come longing Boys !*

**H**AVE you not seen, upon a market day,  
A butcher's shop, the meat in bright array ?  
Have you not seen amidst the tempting treat,  
The butcher's daughter, tidy, fair, and neat ?

70 THE COURTESAN.

Her beefy cheeks, her skin of mutton fat,  
 Have they not made your heart go pit-a-pat?  
 Have you not wish'd yourself a fly, to skip  
 From leg to loin, and riot on her lip?  
 For such a MUSE who wou'd not risk his life,  
 When she stabs deeper than the butcher's knife?

Hail! HARRIOT LAMB, who makes her  
 daily food  
 Of that, which passion rears to shed her blood.  
 Thrice happy woman, who with joy can feed,  
 Can kiss with rapture that, which makes her  
 bleed :

The Lamb, the maid, from diff'rent causes feel,  
 From diff'rent feelings lick the butcher's steel :  
 Kind *Charlotte Hays* who entertains the ram,  
 With such delicious, tender, nice house-Lamb.

Be thou my MUSE ; in spite of pedant fools  
 Who walk, eat, drink, and sleep by college  
 rules :

PINDUS I pass—call mistress Clio—brim,  
 Thalia bilk—but knock at Jenny's whim :  
 I'm for no airy, visionary slut,  
 With whom so many wits have play'd at put ;  
 Give

THE COURTESAN. 71

Give me an English muse, she'll make me  
speak,

Beyond a jilt—in ballads prais'd in Greek :  
This is my whim—I'm fond of all things new,  
I go to Goadby's—not Apollo's stew :  
In all I'm odd—I'm mark'd where'er I pass,  
PEGASUS threw me—so I ride an ass :  
Have I your pity? when you cry—poor fool !  
He neither lives, nor writes, nor rides by rule.

Hence with your rules—I'll have them not  
—begone,

They're musty saws, fit for a parson's tongue,  
Why should I mention Mother Method's school,  
When all my pupils err, and err by rule :  
There is not one but hath been tripping caught,  
And not one guilty found of one chaste thought :  
Then cease this mighty stir, thou mighty fool,  
Muse, theme, and words, are aliens born to  
rule,

Thousands there are upon this whisking ball,  
Who sin by rule, who never pray at all :  
Many at meals are punctual—some at stool,  
All cheat by *chance*, and all get rich by *rule* :



72 THE COURTESAN.

Kings rule by rules; Queens try by rules to  
smile,

Scots fawn by rules, by fawning rule this isle:  
Statesmen deceive by rule, and gamblers play,  
Harlots by rule delight, and bishops pray:

In all but good we act by drowsy rule,  
The whore, the priest, the minister, the fool.

The muse her stings to sons of folly sends,  
She censures not by rule—nor yet commends;  
To prudes of filken vice she dares to speak,  
She draws no tear down VIRTUE's rural cheek,  
Curst be the lines if smooth so'er they run,  
That stab unjustly, or detract in fun,

That shun a statesman, when the star should  
feel

The poet's pen, beyond a FELTON's steel:  
And doubly curst those rimes, tho' smooth they  
scan,

That wound the bosom of a patriot man.  
Or swerve from truth and call a S\*—\* brave,  
Or force a lie and call my WILKES a slave.

\* This Hero, by a great stroke of Generalship, saved  
his Majesty's *Horse* at Minden,

My

My WILKES is fled, and must my Ch\* too  
 Fly, weep away her widowhood with you :  
 O ! must we lose the music of her tongue,  
 For kings have listen'd when a Ch\* sung :  
 Must she withdraw who made so great a stir,  
 And leave her kitchen to a Milliner !  
 Forbid it Venus, pray relent my lord,  
 Have pity, do not send the maid abroad !  
 O ! what a conquest will that friar make,  
 Who makes a convert of so old a rake :  
 We've things more strange recorded still in  
 paint,

Ch\* may make a mighty jolly Saint :  
 Better than Agnes \* she may surely prove,  
 Not in the feats of arms, but feats of love :  
 But can he bear to let you cross the seas,  
 A mistress blest'd with so much corp'ral ease ?  
 My lord remember in the youth of life,  
 When burnt in wood and for a banker's wife :  
 Thou wert the man made mighty Orleans frown,  
 And vied in splendor with the Gallic crown :  
 Ne'er mind the world, by scandal be it said,  
 It is no crime my lord to keep a maid :

\* PUCELLE D'ORLEANS.

Be

74 THE COURTESAN.

Be it a crime—'twill not disturb her bliss,  
 The very worst is gallant P\*rt's mis;,  
 A Miss the wonder of a courteous age,  
 A Miss the pleasure of the dull, and sage,  
 A Miss who'll toy an hundred summer days,  
 And with her earnings make an evening's blaze.  
 A Miss so blest'd in the more noble parts,  
 A Miss so just a judge of English hearts,  
 A Miss so skill'd in politicks, and plots,  
 To make a *union* of the WHIGS and Scots;  
 A Miss so truly chaste, so truly just,  
 To hold a vestal's place of sacred trust;  
 A Miss, to end her qualities, and life,  
 A Miss, a maid, a widow, and a wife.  
 Hail! Miss, hail! maid, who first inspir'd my  
 lays,

Can I forget thee in this ebb of praise?  
 Can I—oh! can I ask? *cease babbling muse,*  
*Wilt thou ne'er quit this scandal, this abuse?*  
 Never.—*Thou shalt.* By Love's plump bum I  
 swear,

His Mother's bubbies, and the grace's hair,  
 I never will.—*Suppose with all her state,*  
*Beyond e'en that of rich Corinthian date,*

*When*

*When wanton Lais so luxurious thought,  
 Or that which Thais Alexander taught,  
 When high Persepolis by that fair punk  
 Was burnt; and godlike Alexander drunk,  
 Reel'd with his torch where that fair Gypsy led,  
 And by the royal light retir'd to bed:  
 If in a state, superior to all this,  
 She should invite thee to her throne of bliss,  
 Woudst thou refuse?—No. I would make my  
 peace*

*With her, on some rich couch of downy ease;  
 Appoint the congress, nor believe me vain,  
 When manhood swears, the MAID shall not  
 complain.*

*If you reject the challenge, mark behind  
 The power of rime, the bard how very kind.*

*Of all the females nature ever made  
 For pleasure, business, gay'ty, or parade;  
 None can at once those four great passions prove  
 Like thou, great mistress of the art of love;  
 Whether the lean, lank soldier, or the cit,  
 The sturdy parson, or the drunken wit;  
 The frothy player, or the chalkstone sage,  
 The college stripling, more lascivious age,*  
The

76 THE COURTESAN.

The scurvy noble, or the tawny tar,  
 All, one and all enjoy thy soft guittar,  
 All feast with appetite, confess with glee,  
 Nothing can move in tune but KENNEDY.  
 By most I'm thought a dabler in the trade,  
 And from experience, this observance made;  
 It is a Coffee-house, the entrance small,  
 Once fairly in, there's room enough for all:  
 Or like the Hellespont, on whose high strand;  
 The lov'd fam'd Sestos, and Abydos stand;  
 The deepest stream pent with the straitest lea,  
 For all within's Propontis, and the sea:  
 Nay could you cross this sea, you'd find again,  
 Another Bosp'rus, and another main.

The clock struck six—when ev'ry tea-cup  
 turn'd,  
 With love and with hot water Kitty burn'd;  
 Each would at times upon the surface play,  
 Yet both conspir'd to melt the maid away.  
 So have I seen across the rolling tide,  
 A youth attempt to reach the adverse side;  
 In vain he strove, with art and strength to gain,  
 And thus deluded roll'd into the main.

Such



THE COURTESAN. 77

Such is the girl, love nestling in her eye,  
In vain she strives, love gives her tongue the  
lye ;

Melting like dripping at the Bedford fire,  
She seeks the Park to quench the fierce desire :  
Chooses the shadiest part, grows sick of light,  
And every moment seems an age to night :  
By passions torn, by prudence check'd she roves,  
Now firm to yield, and now she flies the groves :  
Resolv'd to speak, she stops, shame warms her  
cheek,

She won't, she will, she can, she cannot speak :  
Amidst these conflicts Me—d—t appears,  
The smoothest, greyest villain of his years ;  
With sugar'd speeches moves the doubtful part,  
And conquer'd Kitty, sighs beneath the smart.  
Passions, and snow balls each by motion swell,  
And Kitty finds her little heart rebel ;  
Full of desires she sighs for this, and that,  
Her heart for ev'ry man goes pit-a-pat ;  
Thus by degrees she steps upon the Town,  
And what's so common pray, as Kitty Brown ?

Laugh,

178 THE COURTESAN.

Laugh, I must laugh to hear such fumlbers  
 swear

That thou'rt a maid—and on the town a year.  
 Hail wanton Amazon! well done's thy part,  
 When none could find the conduit to thy heart :  
 Laugh!—I shall burst my sides, to think our

GUARDS

Declar'd thee chaste, so well thou play'dst thy  
 cards,

Although they charg'd thy fortlet foot and horse,  
 You rose next morning not one pin the worse.  
 Thus wanton Amazon of keen delight,  
 By day you heal'd, what they had broke by  
 night ;

Not in Penelope's (thy name sake's) way,  
 By night undoing what she did by day ;  
 Cleanly revers'd by you, dear am'rous Pen,  
 A ten years maidenhead to ten score men.  
 Hail pretty Pen ! thy size, thy colours prove,  
 Thou art descended from the queen of Love :  
 Who may we thank for such a curious maid,  
 But thy long sister?—Whose long thriving  
 trade,

Has made her long the wonder of this town,  
 Till thou a wond'rous wonder here was shown.

But

## THE COURTESAN. 79

But HARRIOT, like all human things must fall,  
In spite of brick and mortar, paint and ball :  
Take heed you split not on a sister's rocks ;  
Joy to sweet STEPHENS with her golden locks !

Lust, the most social passion of the soul,  
Sweet to indulge, but stubborn to controul ;  
A passion, which the god of nature gave  
The free enjoyment of to king, to slave :  
Which the polite, through strainers more re-  
fin'd,

Call gentle love, the joy of womankind.  
Then love, or lust, (for call it which ye please)  
Leads to one end—the happy road to ease :  
Softest amusement which we all profess,  
As constitution dictates, more, or less :  
Unless it is the chaste Platonic mind,  
Which courts without emotion womankind ;  
If such dull souls possess our duller youth,  
It may be impotence, it can't be truth.  
We've some of hotter, some of colder make,  
And some whose drowsy passions never wake,  
Some ripe at fifteen, some at twenty two,  
Nay, some at twelve are ripe and rotten too.

That

That maid I most admire, whose keener loves  
 Stir'd by some youth, whom best her heart ap-  
 proves,

Longs to enjoy, or the desires in time  
 Wear her fair beauties out, before their prime :  
 If disappointment sinks her brilliant eyes,  
 She pines in thought, smiles sickly green, and  
 dies.

In David's days, in that most pious time,  
 Ere Priests pronounc'd polygamy a crime ;  
 When Kings on many cast the luscious eye,  
 And kept that law—*encrease and multiply* ;  
 There 'twas no sin, there Nature they obey'd,  
 Great as a pleasure, vulgar as a trade.  
 Her I despise, whose prostituted mind  
 Is more to money, than her joy inclin'd :  
 Who like old Cheop's daughter works in shame,  
 To make a pyramid to damn her fame.  
 Our Lady V\*— amidst her youthful heats,  
 Never perform'd such mercenary feats ;  
 The Ptolemaick system wond'rous wide,  
 And the large Israelitish she has try'd ;  
 Try'd on a happy plan to please herself,  
 Without one venal thought of gaining pelf :

And

And in her very joys has done more good,  
 Than those who boast an apathy of blood:  
 O could my pen such frozen bedlams move!  
 To Hell I'd sweep them, where they'd find no  
 love.

Parents there are, too many so we're told,  
 By age made callous, and the thirst of gold;  
 Who lose their fire as they approach the tomb;  
 Who wonder, how their daughters in their bloom  
 On man can ruminatè, can pine, can weep;  
 Because their hearts retain so cold a sleep:  
 If ye your children love—avoid these shelves,  
 Nor once forget—when young, ye lov'd your-  
 selves.

Weep for that pretty creature barr'd, lock'd  
 up,  
 Bread but to eat, and water but to sup;  
 Denied the gen'ral air, the noon-tide walk,  
 Lo! how she bites her nails, and pines on  
 chalk,

For some soft assignation in the Park,  
 With some delightful meteor of a spark:



82 THE COURTESAN.

But Betty there unbars the parent's plan,  
And Scotland joins her to the happy man.—  
Such rigid acts but prompt a stronger lust,  
For man with woman's something more than  
dust.

Great Cæsar conquer'd, when e'er Cæsar fought,  
Yet Cæsar's arm ne'er kill'd like Cæsar's coat.  
Such girls I love, such parents I condemn,  
All daughters must—I'll answer for all men,  
Is it not most unnatural to move  
What nature first implanted, genial love?  
Say, can the Leopard change his spots?—or can  
The Maid tear from her heart the dear lov'd  
man.—

From obstacles like these our passions rise,  
And one rash moment blasts our future joys:  
In this Miss HUNTER play'd the Roman part,  
The man possessing, who possess'd her heart.  
Great is the soul which fears no vulgar awe,  
But proves with pride that love's her first, great  
law.

Some men there are who seek a kind of name,  
And think it great to wound a woman's fame;

Curs'd

THE COURTESAN. 83

Curs'd be that man, whose base degen'rate  
breast

Allures the maid to ruin, when posselt  
Leaves her on seas of grief, promiscuous hurl'd,  
The scorn of kindred, and a scornful world;  
For C\* wrongs, such, should by Heav'n be  
curst,

And of such cowards M\* the first.  
Sweet injur'd innocence, whom savage man,  
By various wiles has studied to trepan;  
Who dead to ev'ry tender virtue, boasts  
Your fall, once queen of all the neighb'ring  
toasts.

But hear ye fair an absolution giv'n,  
An absolution surely meant by Heav'n:  
Love, the most gen'rous passion of the mind,  
Softest asylum innocence can find;  
Love is not sin, but where 'tis sinful love,  
And when a crime, first pardon'd too above.  
'Tis not the woman—'Tis the man who swore  
Honour to you, and made the crime the more:  
Is there a sin? (if women sin at all)  
So very light, so very trivial;

# 84 THE COURTESAN.

The first command God issu'd from the sky,  
Was to each pair—"encrease and multiply."  
In pious days, amongst the chosen seed,  
The act of propagation was a meed:  
Then why should these more luscious days de-  
cree

The female damn'd, and not the debauchee?  
Is this our pious, great religion too,  
O! shame upon't! so old, so bad, so new:  
A neighbour's fame traduc'd o'er dregs of tea,  
Is capital, is downright infamy.

Is this religion?—where's that parent's heart  
Who damns his child?—yet never weighs the  
art,

The lures, the ways, the specious means com-  
bin'd

To win her tender heart, her soul, her mind:  
Is there no pity for the babe we bred,

"Nurs'd on our knees, and at our bosoms  
fed?"

Say, can we from ourselves so soon depart,

"So soon forget the darling of our heart?"

Shall she, because her virgin honour's torn  
By him she lov'd—become the public scorn?

Shall

Shall she for want to prostitution bend,  
And 'mongst the brutes of lewdness search a  
friend.

Shall she find even pity in a bawd,  
Or at a Dintgey's feet lay down her load !  
Shall she become a Magdalene, and find  
A way to Heaven shut against her kind ?  
Or shall her virtue (for 'tis virtue sure)  
Make her for want of character, endure  
The night's bleak air, the flinty street her bed,  
Starving her babe, and dying, begging bread !  
Or shall she let it tease the wither'd breast ;  
Till sinking in her wearied arms to rest,  
Death closes up the clinging baby's eyes,  
And the poor mother bursts with grief—and  
dies ?

Ye wedded dames, when no allurements drew  
To drink such bitter draughts, who never knew  
A base, vile man, have pity on your sex,  
Nor leave your sisters to become such wrecks ?  
Hail wedded love ! and hail thrice happy they !  
Who live to love, and living love t'obey.  
Think not by such digressions, that I mean  
To praise the prostitute, or save that queen,

86 THE COURTESAN.

Whose stinking actions, whose incestuous gust,  
 Whose lustful appetites, carniv'rous lust,  
 Made her commit such endless blots of shame,  
 That even Rome proscrib'd a Julia's name :  
 Nor think I mean to stimulate the soul,  
 That like a beast, the man inflam'd should prowls  
 The streets, and secret dens, where whoredom  
 squat

On her broad-tail, from mingl'd lusts grows fat.  
 No ;—I shall mark the acts of those who swerve  
 From truth and honour, those men who deserve  
 From deeds of public shame to feel  
 The poet's pen, beyond th' assassin's steel,  
 Dark, bloody things like these I dare to tell,  
 When such a wretch as S—n— stab'd Miss Bell :  
 When money choak'd up justice, stop'd the breath  
 Of truth, and made her die a nat'ral death :  
 Such things we've seen — O may they all ap-  
 pear !  
 Not pass like this which putrified the air.

Come Jemmy Twitcher, whose adult'rate  
 fame,  
 Makes thee distinguish'd 'mongst the sons of  
 shame ;

Come



# THE COURTESAN. 87

Come Jemmy Twitcher, whose creative brain,  
Ne'er serv'd the poor, or brought the master  
gain ;

Come Jemmy Twitcher smallest 'mongst the  
small,

And first begin thy little hunter's ball :

Most pious peer, whose piety is shown,

By giving dances to the whores in town,

Rais'd for his virtues to a place of state,

Tho' in the knack of sinning only great :

He 'mongst his fiends a second Satan stands,

And when he swears, his devils clap their hands.

This is the man who first impeach'd his friend,

And on his ruin rose, yet could not lend

One cobweb virtue from his scurvy soul,

Which sins by study, and without controul:

This is that Jemmy Twitcher, whose pretence

Is pure religion, and state innocence :

Yet midst these royal virtues, he defil'd

The mother, and seduc'd her only child :

O! gentle M\*—E, repent e'er night,

Must Twitcher rule, and must not T\*—N write?

Forbid it Heaven it should e'er be said,

He smiles at you, because that CHURCHILL'S  
dead.

Homer and Sappho, tun'd their ditties long,  
 And Catley charm'd Tower-hill in ballad song,  
 Poor Homer's lays when living had no force,  
 And Sappho lov'd a fool, and died of course :  
 But lovely Catley—soar'd above the two,  
 Sold all her ballads, and her wigwam too ;  
 Seiz'd like a *Pany* fierce, a *red-cross knight*,  
 And for his money slept alone at night.  
 Weary of fumbling out, a fumbling year,  
 Spread out her wings for more substantial cheer !  
 Eager to taste a long'd-for joy—turn'd rake,  
 And for a gimlet left the small Sir B\*— :  
 No Lord Lieutenant ever did such good,  
 For Catley has refin'd the Irish blood :  
 She in their gloomy souls breath'd music too,  
 And softly humaniz'd the salvage crew :  
 Such is our Catley, whose angelic shape,  
 Might fire an hermit to commit a rape ;  
 Speaks like an angel—like a Syren sings —  
 Moves like a Cherub upon silken wings :  
 No more of VENUS and her golden locks,  
 View but the two divested of their smocks :  
 Or place her with the three, which Paris view'd,  
 'The very wise, the lovely, and the lewd.

And

And let this very night the umpire be,  
 Tho' he ne'er lov'd her—yet he will agree,  
 That she as much excells th' excelling slut,  
 As she excell'd him at the game of put.  
 Hibernia sends us many beauties, true,  
 Those we return are matchless—tho' they're few:  
 This is the case, for joy ours crosses the main,  
 Theirs ferry here for elegance and gain.

Great is thy price—LAIS could not ask more,  
 When she to Corinth came, to play the whore:  
 And old Demosthenes refus'd the bait,  
 To buy repentance at so dear a rate:  
 The lewd old fellows of these lewder times,  
 In their old age keep adding to their crimes;  
 Although the gout has eat up ev'ry power,  
 Still they will hobble to the harlot's door:  
 Chuckle, and shake at all venereal feats,  
 Envy the very dogs about the streets:  
 A cock a treading of his fav'rite hen,  
 Brings spittle from the mouths of our old men:  
 The wanton sparrows on their walls and trees,  
 Will make them bite their lips, and knock  
 their knees:  
 Nature's most common acts create a fire,  
 And still denies that vigour they require;

Which

90 THE COURTESAN.

Which makes these lewd old fools the common  
sport

Of ev'ry Lais, in young Cupid's court :

Where most profusely they are made to pay

For stirring passions, which they cannot lay :

'Tis fit they should—why must a fine young tit,

Be touz'd about by each old frosty cit?

No labour Hercules could ever prove,

Like obligation, in the act of love :

What is so nauseous, hateful, heavy, dull,

As beauty truckling to a cold, old cull?

From Old White-Chappel-Bars to Bolton-Row,

Take but a strole, ask pertly as you go

The various strumpets on their stands, or stop

With those poor toads, whose rags won't make

a mop ;

And if the meanest 'mongst the mean won't say,

They've dealt with Fz\* ; I'll be bound to pay

What all those questions cost ; nay, I will treat

Too, with the smartest milliner you meet.

The col'nel sure's the lewdest upright cull,

That ever stroll'd the streets, or bilk'd a trull :

For things like Fz\*, you should be well paid,

Such old commodities do well in trade,

A wo-

A woman of your elegance and fame,  
 Should keep a menag'rie of such old game;  
 Vigour and youth you'll find in every stew,  
 So make them pay for what they cannot do:  
 These means will keep thee from all duns secure,  
 And make thee rich, when half thy trade are  
 poor:

I need not whisper how to act, or move,  
 Thou'rt quite a mistress of the cheats of love:  
 For this is truth, and Venus hears me swear,  
 HENLEY'S—the object of my heart and care:

If Fisher's beauty ever fail'd to please,  
 Or Cooper's wit, with Nancy Garrick's ease,  
 How must the form excell where these combine:  
 Earthly she is,—I wish her not divine.  
 Divine,—is mere imaginary bliss,  
 Give me an earthly goddess that can kiss?  
 Give me substantial joys, substantial food,  
 No airy goddess sailing on a cloud:  
 Put me to no dull shifts unworthy man,  
 To woo a goddess in the form of swan:  
 Here I could wish the Pagan tale might hold,  
 To win some tinsel *hearts*—by showers of gold:

But



## 92 THE COURTESAN.

But grant me Heaven—it's all I wish to have,  
 Woman, dear lovely woman to my grave ;  
 Things known by halves, of a mysterious date,  
 The explanation be reserv'd for fate.  
 O ! could the muse bestow thee equal praise,  
 The muse would make it equal to the blaze  
 Of those fair houses, which fair DAWSON made,  
 By way of burn-fire to enliven trade :  
 May you enjoy each mighty mark of fame,  
 As bright—but still more lasting than that flame ;  
 May wit, and elegance encrease with time,  
 And your fair beauty never know its prime !  
 Yours to your sex, be a superior case,  
 Love without end, and without measure grace ;  
 May Mamma Venus every pleasure pour,  
 And make the fabric lasting as the door !  
 Stamp thee the matchless NEWTON of the fair,  
 As he was rare in learning, be thou rare.

Born in a clime where pity never stray'd  
 To spare the infant, or delight the maid :  
 Where stony parents steal for sing-song mirth,  
 Those means, with which Deucalion peopl'd  
 earth :

A clime

A clime which once the bravest men might boast,  
Some eunuchs rears, or sodomites at most,  
A clime distinguish'd for the wisest schools,  
Now only known to fiddlers, and to fools.  
From such a clime did our Tenduci come,  
Once fam'd, once honour'd, with the name of  
ROME:

From thence he came, to tantalize our fair,  
And tickle with a soft Italian air:  
O! What a conscience must that woman have  
To loll, to riot with that sapless slave!  
To dwell, to hope; to hope, to dwell one hour  
For one poor drop, poor one not in his power:  
Cruel duration, to emit no joy,  
But stimulate without the power to cloy;  
Cruel, thrice cruel, beyond all reply,  
To pump the sucker when the fountain's dry.

His song is nervous, nay, he takes a pride  
To show, what decency would wish to hide,  
Runs warbling, dangling, round and round the  
town,  
To brag how much he brought the matron  
down:

Shakes

94 THE COURTESAN.

Shakes his loose limbs like death at Hell's wide  
gate,

And grins a ghastly grin, a grin of hate.—

Is it excusable one woman shou'd

Destroy her beauty, body, soul and blood,

Out of the numbers which adorn this shore?

Or use this *thing* to shun the name of whore!

Art thou of English \* breed, and yet so dead

To real pleasure, to defile thy bed

With a poor thing, whom cruelty has robb'd

Of means, with which all Englishmen are  
fob'd?

It must be ignorance; then be advis'd,

Choose, dainty dame, from men stout, strong,  
well siz'd,

If one won't do, take two, and two, and two,

And multiply, 'till multiplying's true:

If the encreasing number cannot please,

To give thy meretricious passions ease,

Call upon Jove, as Sem'le did of yore,

And be consum'd like that abandon'd whore.

\* This unhappy Fair-one is since dead of a consumption; and the Eunuch married to a Lady of Ireland.

The

The ship paid off — the harlot takes her due,  
The colours struck, she strikes her colours too;  
In riot rolls, while Jack's poor pockets stand,  
The pocket empty — shakes her lilly hand;  
Shifts every time the scene each ship comes in,  
Serves all their turns, and drinks of all their gin:  
The last poor Tar triumphant hugs the jilt,  
Feeds on her charms, without one thought of  
guilt.

But time, which brings new ills upon his back,  
Proves her a fire-ship to unlucky Jack. —  
Discharg'd by every ship, by ev'ry Tar,  
She goes to dock, like some foul ship of war:  
Gets a clean bottom, ballasts well with lies,  
And gayly rigg'd, assures herself a prize;  
Re-hoists her colours, shows her painted pride,  
And lewdly rolls adown a lustful tide:  
To cruize she goes with all her brav'ry on,  
And drops an anchor in this mighty town.  
LONDON, tho' serv'd with all daintiest cates,  
Is caught like fish with artificial baits,  
Hugs this new piece — alas! tho' sev'n years  
since,

The fleet possess'd Peg Storry, and Peg Prince.

'Twas

'Twas at that time when early lamps appear,  
 E're day is gone, declaring night is near :  
 When empty cits with full stuff'd bellies trot—  
 To spend at night, what in the day they got :  
 When Qual with fresh lit flamboys bob about,  
 To plays, to bagnios, or to church devout.

'Twas at that time when Dod, Romaine re-  
 pair,

And with their yells torment the darkling air :

'Twas at that time when letchers seek the Park,

Dreading the light because their deeds are dark ;

I went to Mortimer — poor girl ! — so high,

I found her parlour nearest to the sky ;

Oh ! what a wretched falling off is here,

From her the brilliant, her the debonair :

She, whom a monarch might have wish'd to  
 court,

Tho' living, dead ; alive without support :

On whom a levee once of lovers hung,

Sipping like bees the honey of her tongue.

Alas ! here pinch'd with all the pains of need,

Cast from the GARDEN like a noxious weed !

The crimson cov'ring, and the downy bed,

Where oft thy lovely limbs were lewdly spread,

Are



Are chang'd to wretched straw upon the floor;  
 The casement broke, the room without a door;  
 Dead flies, dead spiders fill the wretched haunt,  
 Sad, sorry emblems of the house of want.  
 No brilliant equipage, no tea-cups charm;  
 A tin-pot full, without a fire to warm:  
 A broken jordan, and a three leg'd chair,  
 A bottle shew'd a candle had burnt there;  
 The broken bellows like their mistress kind,  
 By time and use had almost lost their wind:  
 Thus sat the fallen fair, with comely mien  
 Amidst her penury, — her raiment clean:  
 Shock'd at a visit from a friend, she tries  
 To hide the melting rhet'ric of her eyes,  
 Which stole a-down her cheeks, still smooth,  
     still fair,  
 And wip'd them with the tresses of her hair;  
 (The first repenting sign in EVE of grace,)  
 Which tho' disorder'd deck'd her pretty face.—  
 SHE gaily bred, compleated to the joy  
 Of am'rous appetite, to play, to toy;  
 To sing, to lisp, to troll the tongue, to dress,  
 And roll the eye of love with sure success.

98 THE COURTESAN.

O lovely Mortimer, ignobly lost !  
 Once 'midst the fairer fair, the fairest toast.  
 O ! woman, lovely woman, hard's thy fate,  
 If plain, thou liv'st a most neglected state ;  
 If fair, like frontier towns besieg'd by all,  
 And like Quebec by force of arms must fall ;  
 If ye capitulate, the virtuous form  
 Is gone ; — resist, — you're plunder'd in the  
 storm.

Base man, base wretch, to forfeit all thy fame,  
 To court the gen'rous maid to endless shame :  
 By oaths, wiles, lies deceive her easy truth,  
 And to the jaws of lust consign her youth.  
 HERE I your sex's persecution blame,  
 Who rather glory in a sister's shame,  
 Than pity ; on a sister frown distressed,  
 Altho' one bore you, and you suck'd one breast :  
 Allow'd susceptible—unfeeling here,  
 A sister starve ! without a sister's tear.  
 That muckworm man, abandon'd half his life,  
 Sleeps in the arms of some chaste, lovely wife :  
 What charity to man ! when proverbs prove  
 The batter'd rake the best domestic dove.  
 But woman's reputation once defac'd,  
 Alas ! can't be by penitence replac'd :

Curs'd

Curs'd be the maxim, doubly curs'd the heart  
That turns, nor feels the injur'd woman's smart.  
Are these good Christians?—how must Heathens  
blush,

When daughters perish by the parents crush :  
O list ! repentance never comes too late,  
Altho' the crime should stink to Heav'n's high  
gate :

The contrite heart will ever be forgiv'n,  
Since God is truth, since mercy lives in Heav'n.  
And why not make as true, as good a wife,  
As that good man who rak'd the youth of life ?  
Blush, and let Mortimer have pity then,  
Women may sure repent, as well as men.

From small beginnings rose almighty Rome,  
From dirty corners lovely beauties bloom :  
The nightman's baby, tho' its rear'd in dung,  
Excels the child which from an Empress sprung,  
This Rutland proves, in dirt, in beauty bred,  
Got on a foot bag — Mamma had no bed.  
Musick, and beauty in the sound of Bow,  
Are all outdone by her — and sweep foot O !

Signs which are well adapted draw the guest,  
From which we oft' conceit the liquor best :

Reduc'd in cash — still mode allures the beau,  
 Whochalk'd at DOLLY's will to WILDMAN's go:  
 The kitchen fire at th' Bedford speaks the cook;  
 Under the ROSE for something snug we look:  
 Wit at the Shakespear's head has ta'en a lease,  
 Where if you miss the wit, you hit the piece.  
 The Castle Tavern, and the Bedford head,  
 Have all strong tables—tho' they have no bed:  
 The Fountain too, with Humphrey on the sign,  
 Yields you good meat, a couch, good girls, good  
 wine:

Tho' Harris out pimps Hermes with the gods,  
 I'll bet they beat him, and I'll lay the odds:  
 I'll not bet this, its more than Hermes cou'd,  
 That this same Fountain's always pure, and  
 good.

If you're a Tory, dance at Almack's ball,  
 If you've much money, White's will take it all:  
 The Cardigan and Cannon, if you've gust,  
 Will clear your pockets, and indulge your lust:  
 But what are these?—or all that I have seen,  
 To fierce Bohemia's head on Turnham green:  
 Not as it stands in Master Gibson's time,  
 But as it stood—and Johnston in her prime:

Indul-

Indulgent Johnston own'd by all so fair,  
 That not a coach, a buggy, or a chair  
 Could pass, but all must stop to give thee praise,  
 And horses too would quit their corn to gaze :  
 Such was thy influence on the Western road,  
 Thyself a goddess, worthy of a god :  
 Such matchless dignity appears in thee,  
 To worship cannot be idolatry :  
 Worship—O ! Venus would but that suffice,  
 I'd kneel, I'd pray, I'd gaze away my eyes :  
 Yet still I fear—I should possess this dread,  
 If Cupid bungl'd you wou'd break his head :  
 Johnston forgive the humour of my stile,  
 And if I come to Chiswick deign to smile ?

The ship when shatter'd in a storm, repairs  
 To port, where all her crew unfixt from cares,  
 Forget the recent horrors of the deep,  
 And in oblivion let misfortunes sleep.  
 Colebrook's not so—she shows the storms she  
     bore,  
 Wreck'd like a vessel on a ruthless shore ;  
 Mock'd by the waves, strip'd of her garish  
     gear,  
 The spoil of ev'ry *legal* buccaneer.



102 THE COURTESAN.

Oft' have I seen thee with thy sails a-trip,  
The wish, the envy of the Adm'ral's ship ;  
Thy streamers courted by the winds which blew,  
Their pride abroad, and long'd for by the crew ;  
Who sigh'd to kiss thee, like the bawdy air,  
Which wanton grew, and rambl'd you know  
where.

O ! Nancy, Nancy had'st thou kept the spoils,  
The various victors brought thee from their  
toils,

To this thou had'st been rich, thou had'st been  
gay,

Follow'd at Vauxhall, courted at the play :  
Unthinking wench, now destitute of friends,  
Tho' all the Navy paid thee dividends :  
Had'st thou the gin in which they drank thy  
name,

Thou might'st have died in state, and stunk  
in fame.

Unthinking wench,—Can'st thou remember,  
when

Captains, Lieutenants, Purfers, Midshipmen,  
Laid all their hearts, their warrants at thy feet,  
And to indulge thy lust forsook the Fleet ?

Thy

Thy case was never like a close kept whore,  
Depriv'd of liberty to pass the door;  
For ev'ry wind took pity on thy charms,  
And brought new culls, new plunder to thy  
arms :

But still thy damn'd extravagance was such,  
CLEVELAND could not bestow—thou spend too  
much :

Alas ! how chang'd the scene—how hard thy fate,  
Once known so high, in so reduc'd a state :  
On Women of the Town there seems a spell,  
Now up, now down, like buckets in a well.

By being so artful it must sure be her,  
To live, to die, revive and make a stir :  
Portsmouth and Plymouth liv'd within her arms,  
And long were rul'd by her o'er-ruling charms :  
When gay adult'rate Jemmy G\* rose,  
He gave new charms, by giving Miss new  
cloaths :

Nothing is now so smart, so fair, so trim,  
As the soft, peerless, pretty, chaste Miss P\* ;  
At Richmond oft' I've look'd with longing eyes,  
And sighing saw a \* Duke possess the prize :

H 4

Granby,

\* Duke of M\*\*,

Granby, like Saul, who mighty thousands slew,  
 Could stoop, could kiss the buckle of thy shoe.  
 I love that Hero, who when free from arms,  
 Can pitch his camp with such a Queen of charms :  
 This stands a truth, and held as fair as light,  
 The man who loves not woman will not fight :  
 It glar'd at Minden, like the noon-day sun,  
 When Granby stood and fought, when S\*—  
 run.

The gallant Cock, when pitted first to shew,  
 Stands in suspense a-while, and eyes his foe ;  
 But when he sees the HEN he flies to blows,  
 Obtains the vict'ry—flaps his wings, and crows.  
 Hear me fair form, the favour grant to me,  
 I'll risk a thousand lives, to die with thee ;  
 But if I fail in this substantial part,  
 My pen shall find the channel to thy heart.

Orlando dead !—and Cowper too in tears !  
 Orlando, my good Sir, you've kill'd some years :  
 No !—you mistake, I rather help'd to save :  
 Himself he early buried in the grave :  
 Dead e'en when living—hardly known by name,  
 Till my good-nature brought him into fame :

But

THE COURTESAN. 105

But since he's truly dead, I'll give that due  
To him—which Lucy he bestow'd on you :  
And may those various sums he gave, or lent,  
Be multiplied by others cent. per cent.  
Forbid it FORTUNE—charms and wit like thine,  
Should want the needs of life, in life's decline :  
The world now rather think you've sav'd than  
spent,

That you'll erect an endless monument ;  
A monument of praise like her of old  
Who built a pyramid—by well earn'd gold :  
Our great Republick overwhelm'd in debt,  
Hopes her condition you will not forget,  
But kindly give her that which Flora gave ;  
Like Rome she'll deify both name and grave ;  
Command an endless epitaph to thee,  
Written by Bishop Warburton or me :  
O me ! alas poor me ! the last of men,  
Can you forget the service of my pen !  
Will you forget ?—*dare you presume it Sir !*  
May *the Divinity within you stir*,  
That usual grace, that usual joy, and love,  
I'll have my wishes then below, above.  
Let these the grand preliminaries be  
Of future friendship, between you and me ;  
And

## 106 THE COURTESAN;

And let the world believe what I declare ;  
 Those lines are false, are foul as tainted air,  
 Written in youthful spite and false abuse,  
 Because above the pocket of my muse :  
 All other codicils but this be rent,  
 This is my last just will and testament,  
 To Lucy leaving all just praise—(sad trash,)  
 If she dies first—she gives me all her cash :  
 A great return : it is I own for praise,  
 Surprising charity in such poor days :  
 By age to babes it will be chuckling told,  
 She ask'd for praise, and he receiv'd her gold.  
 But O ! my luscious, dissipated wench,  
 How came ye lately in the close *Kings-bench* !  
 Was it the mercer for a load of silks,  
 Or a desire to live with honest WILKES !  
 But now thou'rt out, I cannot call thee fool,  
 To put so great a value on thy tool :  
 Thou art the tennis-ball of Drury-lane,  
 For ev'ry stroke you get, you rise again :  
 Yet, don't rebound so very strong, to rise  
 Next to that parlour nearest to the skies.

BIRCH



## THE COURTESAN: 101 100

BIRCH for the bum, ye floggers here resort :  
Here BIRCH and VENUS hold their switching  
court ;

All kinds of instruments, all kinds of ware,  
To raise your passions, and encrease your care ;  
Here ye may have it from her own soft hand,  
Birch how extensive is thy birch command :  
The martial Truncheon which the hero bore,  
Is made a rod ; ABILITY's no more :  
Thou hag old Impotence—tormenting bitch,  
At Cytherean halberts thus to switch  
Our hardy vet'rans o'er the tawny bum,  
And little Cupid too the flogging drum :  
It's horrid cruel we should live to see,  
Our passions grow and lose ability ;  
But such is nature, man is not divine,  
I wish 'twas chang'd, the case may once be mine.

Women, like post-boys on a turnpike run  
In an eternal heat, from sun, to sun :  
And nothing stops the passion of the sex,  
But broken winds, and often broken necks :  
I never knew æconomy in lust,  
The fire continues, until *dust to dust*

Consigns

THE COURTESAN.

Consigns the breathless body to the grave,  
And ends the follies, and the petty slave.  
Would ye ye fair be cautious in your youth,  
Hear all mankind, and hearing doubt their  
truth ;

Save from those rolling fums a little gold ;  
Friends you might have, and even live when  
old ;

See Talbot now,—who drank in pomp of sin,  
Thro' wretched want, a sad, bad Magdalene.  
Kindling new passions in her Nun's attire,  
Till Dod and Dingley are themselves on fire.  
Health to great Dingley, Muse, I charge com-  
mend

The orphan's, and the harlot's gen'rous friend :  
He who can let the orphan want its bread,  
And cloath, and feed the strumpet for his bed :  
He who could labour to strike out a plan,  
A godly plan, t'appear a godly man ;  
Who would imagine him so much a Monk,  
To cheat the Nun — and canonize the punk.  
But should these poor unhappy girls be plac'd  
At Church in public view, —to be disgrac'd,  
And pointed at below by demi-reps,  
Whose fly adulterate deeds, and sinful steps,  
Are

Are ten-fold more ! say is it decent ? they  
Should thus be 'rang'd, whilst Dod's eternal  
bray,

Is hell, damnation, bombast, thunder, rant,  
And ev'ry where below in pious cant,  
Wonder they cannot blush, they do not feel,  
*They must be harden'd like an heart of steel.*

\* No—you are wrong proprietors, and priest.  
Let them be veil'd like Nuns—or else at least  
Secreted so, that no intruders may  
Disturb their worship, when they mean to pray !  
Let no mean dame of quality repair  
Hot from her nest—saunt'ring with uncomb'd  
hair,

To buy applause ; but not decrease her sin,  
By giving card debts to the Magdalene :  
Shame on such actions in the house of God,  
Forbid it Dingley, and forbid it Dod.

Thou who now drag'st a peacock's tail along,  
Too soon may court the crowd in dismal song :

\* Since the first publication of this Poem, the situation  
of the Magdalene's at church has been altered, as re-  
commended.

Too

# 110 THE COURTESAN.

Too soon may you bear some poor babe about,  
 Starving for food—and hardly left one clout  
 To hide its naked limbs—puling aloud  
 (By stripes so taught) to draw the busy crowd :  
 Thy fate I dread—I've ever had some care,  
 Since the sad falling of thy lovely hair ;  
 A web so fine no spider ever spun,  
 But oh ! alas those ringlets all are gone !  
 Oft' have I stood behind thy easy chair,  
 And envy'd her who comb'd thy lovely hair :  
 Oft' have I seen thee on a Bagnio bed,  
 And o'er thy breasts those lovely tresses spread ;  
 Oft' when subdued by Love—thy beauties bare,  
 I've tied thy floating ringlets—you know where,  
 With such soft dalliance—I have sprung to arms,  
 To fall again a victim to your charms.—  
 But why should I torment thee with this strain,  
 That hair is dropt—and ne'er may grow again :  
 The fatal cause I would not, dare not guess,  
 It was not poison—and it was not less ;  
 I will not say—I'm sure you're full of care,  
 The omen's bad—the falling of the hair :  
 Be this a warning—time will speed'ly show,  
 Whether dear Cambrige—those dear locks will  
 grow.

Well

THE COURTESAN. III

Well swept good Mother, sure thy sweeping's  
just,

To sweep together so much precious dust.  
Health to such sweepers,—when the sweeping  
trade,

Makes trade a pleasure, and sweeps up a Maid,  
Which all the dames of fashion had not shown,  
Tho' kist by all the Sweepers in the Town,  
In such soft sweeping who won't take a pride,  
When from one ev'ning's sweeping—starts Miss  
Bride :

C\*—t thou blackest sweeper left alive,  
But if in sweeping gold a man don't thrive,  
How will he thrive ! for that has so much force,  
Women, and Ortolans repair of course :  
Besides it gives a man prodigious weight  
To make conditions, and to mark the state  
Of life, the pretty melting Maid must tread,  
With all the soft menouvres of the bed.  
Such are the articles the mother sign'd ;  
Knowing her child of a complying mind :  
Our *women Agents* thus indentures draw,  
And bind their Misses by the common law :  
A snug, good method, sure to keep them civil,  
And yet the worst to make them study evil :  
A girl



112 THE COURTESAN.

A girl thus 'prentic'd must detest the fop,  
 She shows a spirit when she leaves the shop:  
 A spirit worthy such a soul as thine,  
 But more so if Dick W\*— should deign to pine;  
 He was the man bore two before—away,  
 Thou art the girl by Venus form'd to stray:  
 Mankind must follow—when you take your  
 leave,  
 We'll give up Paradise to follow Eve.

Like fools we travel, and by fools we are  
 Cheated, of that which we the least can spare:  
 But what's still worse, these foreign fools pursue  
 Us to our very homes—and cheat us too:  
 What a strange animal's an Englishman,  
 Form'd from the fools 'tween London and Ja-  
 pan;  
 And tho' the creature has a spice of all,  
 Yet still he's cheated by the great and small:  
 He goes abroad—they find his want of sense,  
 So where he fails in wit—makes up in pence:  
 But still he boasts of lineage from the flood,  
 Tho' got by Ruffians on a savage brood.  
 The foreign fop whose finances are low,  
 Upon his arts depends to make a show;

Boasts

Boasts of his honour tho' without one jot,  
 On whom begotten, and by whom begot :  
 Like oil on water, still his meanness flows,  
 And all his merit's in a suit of cloaths :  
 He roves about—forgetting where he sprung,  
 And like a bird of passage drops his dung :  
 Can even be so very dirty too,  
 To cheat his very mistress of her due :  
 Can give her cloaths—can grow prodigious vain,  
 Can go to law—to have 'em back again.  
 There are such kind of commissaries now ;  
 Who'd thought 'em born so high,—so very low :  
 Great, here an Englishman appears alone ;  
 A wretch—to injure smiling, Sucky Stone.

Sprung from the line of Irish Kings behold,  
 Sweet Kitty Connolly, of whom we're told  
 Such pretty am'rous tricks, that all must sigh  
 Who hear, with Kitty Connolly to die :  
 A death so pleasing Saints would wish to know,  
 Martyrs would choose with such a fire to glow :  
 If in some manage the sweet creature had  
 Been broke to frisk, to kick, to prance, to pad,  
 Nothing can move with so much grace, and ease,  
 Nothing like Kitty Connolly can please ;

Her Lord declares she jigs so very bonnily,  
His rank he'd lose before his Kitty Connolly.

Health to young Elliot—by her sister's care  
Bought, brought, and sold at Covent-Garden

Fair :

Few shops you'll find, search all the Fruit'ers  
round,

That have a cherry half so round and sound :

Sound did I say ?—But how will that pray suit

With this wet season ? fatal to fine fruit :

Rotten or sound—pray did you never buy

A golden pippin lovely to the eye ?

And when you'd enter'd once the tempting skin,

Found it quite rotten to the core within ?

It's thus with women, and it's thus with fruit,

Hundreds I've known, the simile might suit :

Elliot, excelling foremost, in this place

Stands an exception to the gen'ral case.

What don't thy kindred owe to Murphy's wit,

One for the Stage he broke,—and in the bit

And martingal, he has thy pretty mouth ;

Which with thy memory and lively youth,

Will make thee soon the darling of the Stage,

The wit, the wonder, genius of the age.

The

The stones which Pyrrha and Deucalion cast,  
Ne'er form'd a form, which hath thy form sur-  
pass,

Tho' the old Square-toe's stones repeopl'd earth,  
Gave wit, gave elegance, gave beauty birth;  
Yet all the graces in one form ne'er shone,  
'Till you he form'd, and christen'd lovely Stone.  
How must thy Sire lament, when yon was ta'en  
From Bath, and like a flower in heavy rain  
In one short evening blasted, and forgot:  
O! manly, wretched Spoiler M\*\*t.

Bath since her Bladud's time, ne'er felt a blow,  
A blow like this, when all confess'd the woe:  
Nash with the power of divination burn'd,  
And show'd that Bladud's magic was return'd;  
Took wings and to his empire-bid adieu,  
The corner stone he sigh'd was mov'd with you.  
Alas! such charms, such qualities to fall  
To one without one quality at all:  
Studious to bring dear Woman to disgrace;  
In heart a Hebe, with Narcissus' face.  
That Girl I praise who chooses, and is kind,  
That man I curse whom honour cannot bind:  
Give me the Maid, who in her plan of life  
Feels something more in Mistress, than in Wife;

116 THE COURTESAN.

Who scorns the dog-like ties the married wear,  
 True in her love, and yet as free as air ;  
 Selects the Youth with whom she'll pass her life,  
 Constant by choice, not constant 'cause a Wife :  
 In some neat flow'ry, rural, social spot,  
 And to the noise of town, prefers her cot :  
 Serenely eats her independent bread,  
 And even virtuous too without being wed.  
 Such may he prove to Stone whose charms may  
     raise,  
 The coldest stones to life, to pity, praise.

THIN,—rather thick I think about the head,  
 Battersea's near, but we are so well bred,  
 Altho' we have the greatest need of brains,  
 And cutting's cheap, we will not take that pains.  
 Some are as curious in their paying debts,  
 As Jemmy Twitcher is in making bets :  
 Give for an equipage a monstrous sum,  
 And the first night it's tip'd by some old Bum  
 For soap, and candles ; or perhaps, small beer :  
 Such is the noble course our Gentry steer  
 To pay their creditors. Others abuse  
 Some honest man, by screening in their house

A fine,



A fine, mean Rascal, truly base enough,  
 To never pay the tradesman's bill for snuff.  
 So very high was fed old Rufo's nose,  
 That without lodging, washing, meat, or cloaths,  
 Or even those two needs, a miss, or wife,  
 It would have laid him snug in jail for life.  
 But Rufo's honest, when we name the knave,  
 Who like a villain thus protects a slave.  
 O ye Ambassadors repent ! repent,  
 Remember ye are chosen seed, and sent  
 To be your Country's honour—nay, to bear  
 More virtues, than e'er prov'd your Country's  
 share ;

How do ye marr that delegated trust,  
 In acting opposite to all that's just !  
 To all that's even decent too beside,  
 O ! what a baseness—when we make it pride.  
 Come THIN, come Thick—come dash thro'  
 thick and thin,

But pay Miss Rogers—or I'll blow the sin  
 To CHURCHILL's ear, who, from the heavenly  
 sphere

Shall bow, (if injur'd woman drops one tear ;)  
 And give thee such a peak of nervous verse,  
 Shall send thee ten years sooner to thy hearse :

118 THE COURTESAN.

Injure Miss Rogers—and all earth shall shake,  
And pray what would not for a Roger's sake!  
Rogers, the sweetest Rogers that can move,  
O! sister Rogers, Rogers all for Love.

When health and vigour swell'd my youthful  
veins,

Lust drew my carriage, Folly held the reins,  
A thousand times I wish'd the wench to meet,  
Blest with a generous heart, and power to treat:  
If I had had such luck, I had been vain,  
Vain of my person, and my parts; when gain  
Flow'd in from deeds of heavenly pleasure too,  
My manhood had not bore a thing so new;  
It wou'd have turn'd my head, t'have been in  
pay,

With the dear sex I kneel to, night and day:  
But Venus knew the folly of her son,  
Intending always he shou'd be undone,  
But not at once;—for had it been my fate,  
Ye gods to've had a beauty of that Rate,  
Like giddy Phaeton I'd broke my bones,  
In driving such a gen'rous Queen as Jones.

Lovely

Lovely in paint, but still in life more fair,  
 An angel dress'd, but more an angel bare ;  
 No more of Elöisa's mossy cell,  
 Where Youth and Abelard were known to  
 dwell :

Where that was dark, and awful, this is gay,  
 This is the cell of Nuns where Priests shou'd  
 pray ;

Here heavenly, pensive meditation reigns,  
 Here Love beats time to tumults in the veins :  
 Here roves a heart which never will retreat,  
 Here flows a blood, which ne'er will lose its heat :  
 Yes, yes I love, and will with equal flame,  
 And rapt'rous kiss the Cell, and Lucy's name.  
 Dear name, dear part, dear Creature hear that  
 knell !

'Tis for the grave where you must ever dwell !  
 An awful summons but when Death compels,  
 Heroes and Poets fall like LUCY SELLS.

When at the masquerade gay C\*— rose  
 An Iphigenia, and her vestment gauze ;  
 When all to stimulate was quite reveal'd ;  
 E'en that, which even Indians keep conceal'd,

Peep'd lovely thro' its little gauzy state,  
 Like some sweet Nun thro' some monastic grate:  
 Rais'd mighty passions never known before,  
 Because forbid to pass the little door:  
 But Iphigenia's are quite common grown,  
 Women go now half naked thro' the town;  
 I find no fault — they show the whole they have,  
 I wish they'd show no more than nature gave:  
 But such japaning, such cosmetic arts,  
 Make Women's faces false, as Women's hearts:  
 Observe how pretty Richards is at night,  
 The eye-brow arch'd — the sweetest red and  
 white:

Her dress as loose as Iphigenia wore,  
 Tho' little less than angel must be more:  
 Now view her snoring on her greasy pillow,  
 For such a Witch who'd dangle on a willow!  
 The black arch'd eye-brows now alas! are fled,  
 And mix promiscuous with the white and red;  
 WALCOTE who hung upon her charms at night,  
 Fled the next morning naked in a fright:  
 Swore some strange metamorphosis had been,  
 To make a thing so black, before so clean;

She

THE COURTESAN. 121

She stamp'd, she star'd, abus'd her Maid, and  
said,

O! Molly, Molly how these paints have spread :  
Here have I lost five guineas and my swain,  
Curse on all paints, I'll never paint again :  
Some hours before her glass she sat, and cry'd,  
Made some attempts, which fail'd, as soon as  
tried ;

Till want of money conquers all disgrace,  
And Miss collects the ruins of her face :  
Begins again, with every touch revives,  
Blooms in an hour—and thus for ever thrives :  
Her culls forget her, and each night embrace,  
The moving picture, for some fine new face :  
For here she's happy, and supports her fame,  
By skill, in never painting twice the same.

If jumping life, if jumping manners please,  
Eternal talking, with uncommon ease,  
An oath well turn'd, a well tun'd bawdy catch,  
An eye that swims in love, sweet Smith I'll  
match

With all the pretty bunters on my roll,  
Or even those who ride, or those who strole :

Below



122 THE COURTESAN.

Below the blanket she is quite the same,  
As she's above—I do not mean in flame,  
Venus forbid inflammatory fun !  
Nothing so hot attend your darling son !  
If she is hot—O ! Venus hear my strain,  
And make thy graceless daughter cool again ?

One little caution Girls, and then I've done :  
Long bills with Milliners beware, and shun !  
This is the gen'ral maxim of that Race,  
To give ye credit as they like your face :  
Yours like some other trades may not succeed ;  
Perhaps, you find no easy youth to bleed :  
No rich old doating Man, that can bestow  
With much quick feeling, all those fums you  
owe :

If so, the mere dull, guinea, Bagnio trade,  
Will barely fill an Irish hungry Maid :  
Out of this guinea, Jervis, don't forget  
That poundage must be paid, *a decent* debt  
To ev'ry rascal of a waiter due,  
For giving Miss the preference to you.  
These things consider'd, you will find a want  
Of Cash, to stop each greedy Cormorant :

The

The Milliner arrests — alas poor wench !  
 The Bailiff has you—and anon King's Bench.  
 To keep yourselves in vogue, and from the Fleet,  
 Buy not a rag, in high St. James's-street :  
 O ! she's a bitter one—and will confine :  
 You know the house, altho' she chang'd the  
 sign !

When vicious Julia gloried in the shame  
 Of lust, and whoredom blew the trump of  
 Fame :

When each new mode of venery was held  
 In high esteem, and he who most excell'd  
 Had royal thanks, yet in that vicious time  
 Poor Ovid fell,—as I may fall—for rhyme.  
 But if I fall, I'll not be doubly curst,  
 By Heav'ns I'll lie with some high beauty first :  
 Something observe that is not common meat,  
 Something that never deign'd to tread a street;  
 Something that's higher born, and higher bred,  
 Something that's fitted for a Monarch's bed ;  
 Something that's luscious, and that's virgin fair,  
 Something divine when dress'd, diviner bare ;  
 Nothing suspicious shall displume my wing,  
 No filthy daughter, nor no filthier King ;

No

124 THE COURTESAN.

No vicious Julia shall destroy my fame,  
 No Cæsar banish me to hide his shame :  
 No,—what I do shall gaze the noon-day Sun,  
 And when I do't—it shall be nobly done :  
 I do not boast of elegance of stile,  
 But where I fail to charm, I'll make ye smile ;  
 And tho' my language is not quite so rich  
 As Rochester's, yet I will give an itch,  
 An itch to read these lines when I am gone :  
 Lines beyond brass, or monuments of stone ;  
 Lines which shall last, while Hampstead Hill  
     remains,  
 Or Highgate's level with the nether plains,  
 Last ! they shall never die while Woman's fair,  
 Or be unprais'd, while woman prov'd my care :  
 But what gives still more immortality,  
 I liv'd when CHURCHILL sung,—tho' not of  
     ME :  
 I liv'd with him in friendship, and esteem,  
 Churchill, the noblest jewel of my theme !  
 The fairest not—POLLY let that be yours,  
 Which shall be read with mine, while verse  
     endures.

Drive

THE COURTESAN. 125

Drive me to TOMOS \* now imperious slave :  
E'en there the seat of Love shall be my grave :  
E'en there some Fair one o'er my tomb shall  
cry,

And pitying read,—“ Thus did helive and die.”

“ *Conveniens vita mors fuit ista sua.*”

\* A City on the *Euxine* sea, and was the metropolis of  
*Lower Mæsia*—where OVID was drove by *Augustus*, for  
seeing some lewd, scandalous actions of that prince.

He was banished to this inhospitable climate in his  
fiftieth year, and died of a broken heart, in the eighth  
year of his exile—and buried near that city which is now  
call'd *Kiorw*.

*Mantua Virgilio gaudet, Verona Catullo.*

*Peligna dicar gloria gentis EGO.*

Of Virgil Mantua sings, Verona boasts  
Thy am'rous fame Catullus round her Coasts.  
But NASO OVID swears with conscious grace,  
I AM the FIRST of the Pelignæan Race.

THE

THE COURTSHIP

Divorced from London, now separated from  
E on their first of June shall be my grave;  
E on their first of June shall be my grave;  
And giving rest, I shall believe and etc.

A City of the Courtship, and was the mistress of  
Lester, who was a young man of great  
being to the Courtship, and was the mistress of  
He was married to the Courtship, and was the mistress of  
He was married to the Courtship, and was the mistress of  
He was married to the Courtship, and was the mistress of

Of which I have heard, various people  
They were married to the Courtship, and was the mistress of  
The NASOVID, who was the mistress of  
I am the first of the Courtship, and was the mistress of

I am the first of the Courtship, and was the mistress of  
I am the first of the Courtship, and was the mistress of  
I am the first of the Courtship, and was the mistress of  
I am the first of the Courtship, and was the mistress of





THE  
T E M P L E  
O F  
V E N U S.





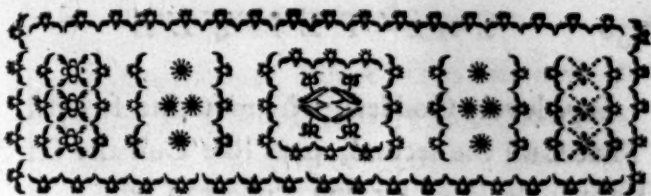
THE

TEMPLE

OF

AMERICAN





T H E  
T E M P L E  
O F  
V E N U S.  
P A R T I.

*Fiers Vainqueurs de la Terre,  
Cedez à votre tour :  
Le vrai Dieu de la guerre  
Est le Dieu de l'amour,*

ROUSSEAU.

Ye Heroes of Earth,  
Whether Soldier or Tar,  
Must acknowledge in turn that 'twas Love gave  
you birth :  
That the soft God of Love is the monarch of mirth,  
And the only true, great God of War.

L O V E, and the Dame I sing, who first  
inspires

The thrilling Virgin with unhallow'd fires:

VOL. I.

K

Say,

Say, lovely Goddess, why mankind so curst,  
 That Cull the second, pays like Cull the first ?  
 Venus, declare, for you alone can tell,  
 Why lust drives Virtue from her hallow'd cell ?  
 Say, by what rule the eldest Son's a cull,  
 Or why the fairest Daughter turns a trull ?  
 How came we lull'd in ignorance, and rust,  
 Undone by gaming, and devour'd by lust ?  
 Did education in the days of yore,  
 Consist in judgment of a *Matadore* ?  
 Did Roman Virtue rise from games of Whist,  
 Or Grecian Orators from *list* ! *Oh ! list !*  
 Or *Cincinnatus* build that godlike name,  
 Like empty Britons on a Table's fame ;  
 Vaunt, the whole globe contributes to his treats,  
 Whilst hundreds perish in the public streets ?  
 Or Rome's *æconomy* distress the souls,  
 That bore her Eagles to the distant Poles ?  
 Or do you think Camillus learnt like you,  
 His great experience from the game of *Lue* ?  
 Was e'er a Noble like \* *Manilius* drove  
 From Court, for public cooing with a Dove !

\* *Manilius*, struck from the list of Roman Senators,  
 for saluting his wife before his daughters,

No,

No, nor a Father \* hurt, (the tale how true)  
 'Tho' he debauch'd his very Daughter too.  
 There see extended in ignoble dust,  
 A weak, sad Sister, thro' a Brother's lust :  
 At White's behold, those filial, kind regards,  
 The Father † starving, and the Son at cards.  
 These are the acts of Britons, shame to say,  
 Ruin'd by whoredom, or undone by play.  
 Rise I intreat thee Goddess from the main,  
 Diffuse thy influence o'er a Poet's brain,  
 To give to Beauty, what is Beauty's right,  
 Or weak's the pinion, and the Muse's flight ;  
 For surely Virtue never dwelt with thee,  
 For Virtue *Venus* never went to sea :  
 Why should she in her first loose essay err,  
 When thy '*Beaux Monde* concubinage prefer :  
 Smile sweet consent, a batter'd Vot'ry sings,  
 And bid thy *Urchin* flap his rosy wings !

O ! thou whom titles never yet made vain,  
 Knight, Baron, Member, Patriot, Acquitain,

\* The late Lord D\*\*.

† Mr. C\*\*, once a Lord of the Admiralty, died for want  
 in a garret in the Strand.



Whether you choose at *Renelagh* to shine,  
 Or more luxuriously at *Almacks* dine;  
 Or court at *Tomkins* more mysterious rites,  
 Or shake with joy, the wining chair at *White's* :  
 Or if some dying female blest in thee,  
 Sighs for *Vauxhall*, and elemental tea :  
 Hear and relieve them with a Play, or Ball,  
 Who wont capitulate at Beauty's call :  
 Here smile, and prove the Patron of a page,  
 That flogs the follies of a dirty age.

Love's lovely Goddess from the Ocean sprung,  
 So greater fools than *Hesiod* whilom sung :  
 But where no matter, she a wanton girl,  
 Was found by *Zeph'rus* floating in a pearl ;  
 The winds took pity on the little whore,  
 And kindly puff'd her to the Cyprian shore :  
 The circling *Horæ* \* saw the floating car,  
 And kindly sav'd her for the God of War :  
*Eunomia* †, *Dica*, and *Irene* fair,  
 Made the sweet baby their peculiar care :

\* The hours.

† Their Names.

Taught her the deepest mysteries of love,  
Then bore the Beauty to the powers above.  
To win the wanton every Hero prest,  
And yet a Blacksmith \* stole her from the rest :  
From that, dear Venus, ever deign'd to smile  
Upon her *Paphos*, and the *Cyprian* Isle :  
Abroad the *Horæ* wing their Daughter's fame,  
And every fool burnt incense to her name :  
In every place, a different name she bore,  
In every place, was reverenc'd a Whore :  
Rome, Athens, Sparta, Sicily, and Troy,  
Fall to the Dutchess, and her poor blind Boy ;  
From thence it spread to Turkey and Delly,  
Pass'd thro' Pegu, and cross'd the Chinese sea ;  
Rose at Canton, took Pekin in the way,  
And penetrated to cold Zagathay † :  
The clime had no effect upon his wings,  
So up to Petersburg the puppy swings ;  
Perform'd strange wonders on an Empress Queen,  
And poison'd *Europe's* hopes in poor *Holstein* :  
To Sweden, Norway, and the frozen Isles,  
Nay skin clad Lapland, felt the genial smiles :

\* Vulcan.

† Independent Tartary.

Roll'd thro' an hundred Circles up to Prague,  
And swam through Holland, for the Yatcht at  
Hague.

The purple sails belly'd with amorous airs,  
Till Love met Mirth and Charles \* at White-  
hall-stairs :

Then Temples grew like mushrooms to the  
Queen,

And the first Priestess nam'd, was Madam Gwyn ;  
Unthinking Monarch, whose prodigious lust,  
Could raise up stock from Flounders, Sprats  
and dust :

Whose studies were, to raise venereal fame,  
And hand to us the *Cytherean* game.

Is it a wonder, why the venom spread,  
When Charles himself defil'd his Subject's bed ?  
From bad examples mighty evils spring,  
Virtue's the brightest jewel in a King.

A thousand proofs the Poet might advance,  
From Troy and Hellen, to the Whore of  
France :

Start ! at the Scene upon the Baltic shore ;  
An Empress wading in her husband's gore ;

\* The Second.

What's

What's Tullia's murder, or Lucretia's rape,  
 To Ruffia's Devil, in a female shape;  
 The want of Virtue in th' ambitious breast,  
 Is want of all, to make a Kingdom blest.  
 Thrice happy Monarch, when so justly nice,  
 That dare love *Virtue*, in the midst of vice;  
 O would thy moral arm extend abroad;  
 And move that wanton\* from a thoughtless Lord;  
 Reduce the Temples rais'd to lust and wine,  
 And lead sweet *Virtue* from her hallow'd shrine.  
 Go where you will, Impiety you meet,  
 And altars smoke to lust in every street;  
 Near to Hyde Park, is rear'd a stately Fane,  
 By giddy Mortals, impotent and vain.

Here debauchees, and Harlots later born,  
 Or martial youth, whom *arms*, and *vice* adorn;  
 Or wealthy Cits, whom riches rais'd to note,  
 Nay Justice too creeps here in thread-bare coat;  
 Men of all ranks, all characters attend,  
 And each before all powerful Beauty bend;  
 Law, War, Divinity, the Rich, the Sage,  
 Impetuous Youth, and cold lascivious Age:

\* Miss H\*\*— and Lord P—m—e.

136 THE TEMPLE

Except the very wise, and very good,  
 But all the Nobles of the *purest blood* :  
 Both sexes here encrease, or lose their cares ;  
 Miss in her teens, and Madam in white hairs.  
 The wearied husband, or the craving wife,  
 Oft' get a Bastard, or a p——x for life ;  
 Ladies debauch themselves ; while Southern  
     shores,  
 First make them *Nuns*, for *Priests* to make  
     them Whores.

O what a conscience has the Queen of joy !  
 To hold all Nature in her soft employ :  
 Temples on Temples ; to lust Altars blaze  
 From th' holy Abbey down to Wapping ways :  
 A thousand more in Covent-Garden stand,  
 Two thousand more, in Ludgate and the Strand :  
 To palliate all, behold upon a *Horse*  
 The moral *Monarch ride* at *Charing-Cross* :  
 Where, when Night's sooty mantle hides the  
     just,  
 Circle the Brutes, of Sodomy and lust.  
 Nor are thy shades less chaste St. James's Park,  
 When Men, like Owls, and Bats embrace the  
     dark :

Where



Where Dames of easy Virtue stray to please,  
The foulest passions 'mongst the fairest Trees :  
O would some virtuous soul aspire to move,  
The acts of lewdness, from the shades of Love;  
Not fit like Justice upon Drury's throne,  
Grow rich from bribes, from all the Whores  
in Town.

'Twas when the lamps a solemn glim'ring  
spread,  
And every Noise but Hackney-coaches dead;  
The Poet glow'd with most unhallow'd fire,  
Wore nature's frailty, in a gay attire :  
Sir Umbra's self ne'er made a lovelier show,  
He bloom'd, and scented like a birth-day Beau :  
An harmless sword his heel submissive kist,  
A clouded cane hung o'er the lilly wrist :  
A tortoise box the neatest fingers grace,  
And in the lid appear'd the sweetest face :  
A very tulip in the mode of cloaths,  
A standing pattern to St. James's Beaux :  
In a sedan he took his formal seat,  
And *dingle dangle* rode thro' Bury-street :

To

## 138 THE TEMPLE

To *virtuous* FISH, whom half the Bucks in  
Town

Had pay'd long visits, from her high renown :  
If ever Venus left her native skies  
'Twas now, to bless the Hero with her eyes ;  
Who fell supinely, like the vernal dews,  
Or fair Apollo, on the fairest Muse :  
But violent passions ne'er continue long,  
He sunk in metaphor, and died in song :  
Reclin'd his head upon the dear one's lap,  
And soar'd to vision in the luscious nap.

Soft invocations now are out of use,  
And all the stuff of Pindus, and the Muse :  
'Tis Love I sing, 'tis Love my soul inspires,  
I seek no aid from HELICONIAN fires.

In that soft time, when Youth with vigour  
crown'd,  
Wades in the seas of love till drunk, and  
drown'd ;  
I sought a *Pappos* \* of the greatest fame,  
Assum'd a title, to obtain a Dame :

\* Mrs. Walche's,

So high no Poet ever meant to soar,  
 Excepting \* Pope at Button's once before ;  
 She mov'd a Venus — and receiv'd th' attack,  
 Equal to her with *Ilium* on her back ;  
 So Trojan like, when wearied under arms,  
 In sleep, and vision, re-attack'd her charms.  
 Methought I lay in all that downy ease,  
 That Courtiers do, when Wives have learnt to  
 please ;

Lo ! on a sudden all the roof expands,  
 And smiling Venus in her Chariot stands,  
 As soft, as sweet, as fair, as gay, as young,  
 As painters fancied, or as Poets sung :  
 She drew the reins, and gently stay'd the Doves,  
 Adonis blush'd — and Cupid kiss'd the Loves :  
 When *HEBE* fairer than the morning star,  
 Skimm'd through the air, and led me to the car.  
 The Doves obedient to their Charioteer,  
 Flutter their silver wings, and quicken their  
 career.

\* Mr. Cibber (in the frontispiece of his letter to Mr. Pope) is depicted, tearing the English Homer at Button's from a naked Venus.

Towns,

Towns, Temples, Cities, lessen as we soar,  
And quick as thought we lost this bawdy shore :  
When Venus spoke—" Dear NASO pray attend,  
" Believe that Venus is the poet's friend :  
" 'Tis Beauty fills the heart with soft desire,  
" Stirs up the passions, sets the soul on fire,  
" Deceives the sight, defaces Virtue's plan,  
" Fixes her chains, and vassals all the man ;  
" Victorious always when she takes the field,  
" The young, the aged, only gaze and yield :  
" Silence in her is thunder to your hearts,  
" Her eyes are lightnings, when Love's fire  
    " she darts ;  
" Her voice is weak, yet who'll refuse her call ?  
" Monarchs and bishops must promiscuous fall.  
" Wander no more, an honest woman's rare,  
" Nor seek new Beauties in the brown or fair ;  
" In a small village upon BARHAM Down,  
" Remov'd from all the vices of the Town,  
" Where rural Beauty in a russet guise  
" Of homely truth, excels the pomp of lies :  
" There Love, and Beauty live unknown to  
    " fame,  
" POLLIA she's call'd —— and Phœbus gave  
    " the name ;

The

“ The decent *Graces* lent their aid divine,  
“ Then nam’d the happy composition thine :  
“ Fly to her arms, her every worth adore,  
“ Love her till you, and the belov’d’s no more.”

This said, a dull confused sound a-far  
Stole on th’ attentive ear, like distant war  
Of ships, when muttering heavy cannon roars  
Or southern seas, upon a rocky shore :  
I turn’d, when lo ! a noble fabrick stood,  
Of Gothic form, amidst a raging flood  
On a tremendous rock, where giddy crowds  
Were falling higher than the fleeting clouds :  
When Beauty smil’d, e’en rocks forgot to frown,  
The turgid sea was in a moment down ;  
The silver Doves shot like the Evening star,  
And HEBE took me from the silver car.  
When Beauty’s Queen forsook her airy seat,  
What humble suppliants wait her silken feet.  
Around her snowy neck and shoulders flew,  
A flock of little Loves of rosy hue ;  
The SPORTS, the JOYS on golden pinions move,  
And RAPTURE, bursting hail’d her Queen of  
Love.

Wives with petitions ’gainst a sluggard Spouse,  
Husbands declaiming ’gainst the marriage noose :  
Widows



Widows in health imploring *secret grants*,  
 Virgins in sighs, confessing half their wants :  
 Stout roaring Batchelors demand her aid,  
 Old age for vigour to seduce the maid :  
 Dames whom experience long had rendered sage,  
 Bark at the Goddess to annul old age :

“ Complaining round her altar many lay,  
 “ Some of their loss some of their Love’s delay;  
 “ Some of their pride, some ardent suits dis-  
     “ daining,  
 “ Some fearing fraud, some fraudulently feign-  
     ing.”

Not *Stuart*’s Levee ever half so full,  
 Tho’ Scotland spares him to her poor and dull.  
 Amongst the crowd a blooming creature stood :  
 Lovely amidst her grief, and wept a flood :  
 And thus to Venus she preferr’d her prayer :  
 “ Oh ! will you lovely Goddess deign to hear  
 “ The sad petition of an injur’d Maid,  
 “ By man and Medlicot alas ! betray’d.  
 “ ’Twas May O Goddess, and your Daughter  
     “ young,

“ I lent my ear to his alluring tongue :  
 “ What could alas ! an amorous Virgin do ?  
 “ He swore he lov’d me, I believ’d him too :

“ He

- “ He call’d on you to prove the flame how true,  
“ Intreated Hymen to unite the two :  
“ Declar’d he meant to bless me for my life,  
“ His view was *honour*, wou’d I be his Wife ?  
“ Things were preparing for the gordion knot,  
“ Beg’d me to yield,—Oh ! Goddess, had I  
“ not ?  
“ A very vagrant thro’ the World I rove,  
“ The scorn of Kindred, and the Man I love.  
“ The Goddess pity’d, wept, sigh’d, turn’d  
“ away ;  
“ Ye beauteous maids, beware the ides of May !

This said ; a Youth as meagre, and as thin,  
As a bad carcass quite devour’d by Sin :  
Fell on his knees, (as erst a gallant Wight,  
When other’s merits made the thing a Knight\*.)  
Hear, Venus hear, an humble vot’ry’s prayer,  
Then paus’d, or else the rest was lost in air :  
She sigh’d, the Warrior sunk into the dust,  
Then smil’d and rear’d him next a strumpet’s  
Bust.

\* A Scot’s Captain of the Navy knighted for bringing home an Express from Quebec in the reign of George the Second.

In

In rage a furious, ever greedy Dame  
Flew to the Goddess, Obloquy her Name,  
Rail'd at the sluggard she had got for life,  
And curs'd the narrow circle of a wife :  
Wish'd that her goodness would remove the  
man,  
Or quite invert the matrimonial plan,  
Begg'd she would send a *philtrum* to her aid,  
And curs'd all Laws, but those, that lust had  
made :  
The Goddess stagger'd by the Matron's voice,  
Dismiss'd her happy, and condemn'd her choice.

This Quean withdrawn, a Quaker in belief,  
Appear'd in horns, the signet of his grief ;  
Declar'd his Wife a carnal act had done,  
As never yet appear'd before the Sun :  
By common law he try'd the horrid cause,  
And cast the sturdy Author of his woes :  
Begg'd that the Goddess would remove the *Twa*,  
And plant him where no horns, or Cuckolds  
grew ;  
The queen of love consented with a smile,  
And *Obadiab* rested from his toil.

An

An \* amorous Lady next, supply'd the place,  
 With Wit, and Beauty, but she wanted grace :  
 Close at her heels attends her injur'd mate,  
 The greatest Cuckold, in the greatest state :  
 In turns the two before the Goddess spoke,  
 Who sat attentive, and enjoy'd the joke ;  
 My Lady Lucy once was nearly winning,  
 Until her maid produc'd her own fair linnen :  
 This was so plain, Venus began to stare,  
 Blush'd for her sex, and then divorc'd the Pair.

To these succeed four characters well known,  
 To all the Men, and Matrons of the Town :  
 Two injur'd husbands, and as many wives,  
 The plague, and torment of each other's lives :  
 The first a Lady, most politely true,  
 The second, never even true to two :  
 The Men as various in their different wars  
 As Boys of Venus, and the Sons of Mars :  
 Each plead their cause with energy and strife,  
 The injur'd Husband, and the wanton Wife :  
 Enrag'd the Goddess stop'd the vile defence,  
 And branded two, to shame, and Impotence.

\* Lady Lucy Mo\*\*s, and Lord Augustus Fitzroy  
 were tried in a publick Court.

The last that came was Virtue's lovely Child,  
Chaste, noble, handsome, eloquent, and mild ;  
Soon as the Beauty dignify'd the place,  
A secret gladness blush'd in every face ;  
Her name was eccho'd with unfeign'd applause,  
And the bad wept with better men her cause :  
When Venus first beheld the peerless Queen,  
She broke the ring, and met her on the green,  
Declar'd such charms were only made to rule,  
Not fall a prey to such a frantic fool.  
High in the air was tender Virtue seen,  
To guard her daughter to the Paphian Queen :  
As quick as thought she cut the yielding air,  
And P\* hail'd her Darling, and her care :  
*Honour* and *Truth* support a brilliant crown,  
And justice nam'd it — Lady P\*—'s own :  
'Twas Virtue plac'd it on her lovely brow,  
And Fame and Envy own, she wears it now.  
The Maiden *Chastity* concludes the verse,  
And with her voice the Sons of lust disperse,  
All different ways, on different errands fly,  
Many to Styx, not many to the sky :  
Maids cross'd in Love attempt the rocky steep,  
And fiery Widows plunge into the deep :



Old Age, and Youth, both foolishly inclin'd,  
Are blown, and baffl'd by the baffling wind;  
Some discontented with the Queen's decree,  
Fly to the rocks, and plunge into the sea.  
Unhappy Man, on whom the gifts of Fate,  
Are thought bestow'd too early, or too late:  
Search every page of life, you'll find a blot,  
Was ever Man contented with his lot?

END of the FIRST VOLUME.

On Age, and Youth, both foolishly in love,  
Are blown, and buffed by the falling wind;  
Some disconcerted with the Quaker's frolic,  
Fly to the rocks, and plunge into the sea;  
Unhappy Man, on whom the gods of Fate,  
Are thought to smile, or frown, or lay;  
Search every part of this world for a prey,  
Was ever thus concerned with his life?

End of the First Volume.